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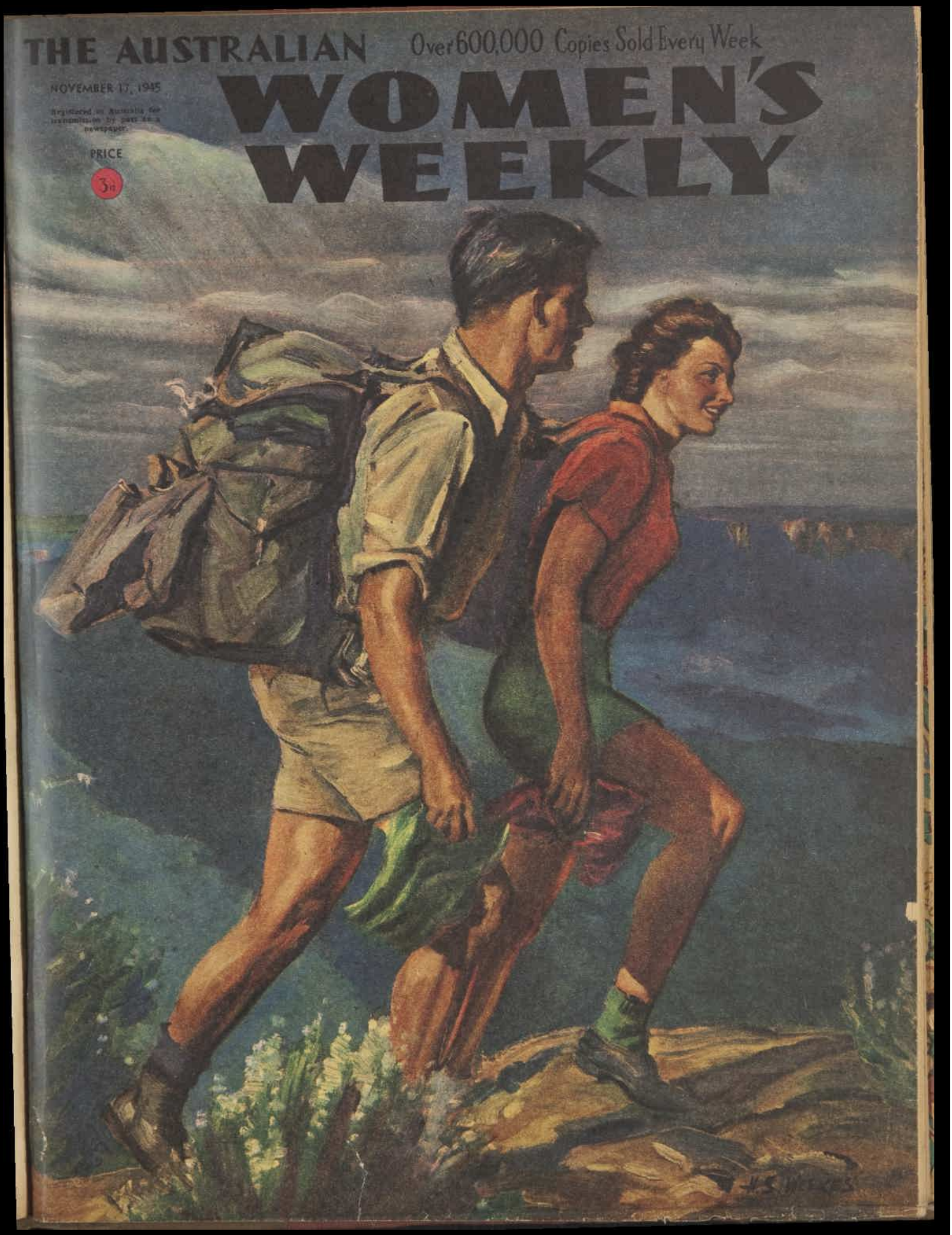
WOMEN'S WEEKLY

NOVEMBER 17, 1945

Registered at Australia for transmission by post as a newspaper.

PRICE 3d



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Solution to HOUSING

By ABLE-SEAMAN LARRY BOYS, R.N.

IT'S so easy that I can't for the life of me see why it hasn't occurred to the Housing Commission before.

Look at all your wonderful natural harbors. Hasn't the idea dawned on you yet?

All you have to do is to build umpteen houseboats at a few quid a time, sort them out into various anchorages, rent, rate, and assess them, elect sundry aquatic town councils, and Australia's homeless population moves into the new floating suburbs with a smile and a song.

I can visualise the advertisements in the papers: "Self-contained flatlet to let. Schooner-rigged. Auxiliary motor in guest-room. Bottom newly scraped. Guaranteed free from barnacles."

"Refined couple desire to rent unfurnished dinghy. No children."

"Upper-deck apartment vacant. North-side anchorage. Excellent fishing from bedroom windows."

"Pontoon Court Guesthouse. Bed and breakfast or hammock and sandwiches. Negligible roll in heaviest weather."

"PERSONAL: Friends and tradesmen please note: No. 32, Fairway Drive, is in dock for a spring refit."

Think of the carefree bonhomie in such a community. The gay camaraderie and near-Bohemianism of our floating townships would generate schools of progressive thought and uninhibited culture which would command the awed admiration of every arty-crafty "set" from Greenwich village to Montmartre.

None of the encumbrances and complexities of fenced-in suburban life will apply to our socially emancipated cities of the bilge-keel.

"Get out the best cutlery, George, 24 Boom Street is coming alongside for dinner. And, Mavis—semaphore the grocer and ask him to send over the delivery-launch with a couple of eggs, will you?"

Enterprising department stores will soon have shopping centres anchored just off the main fairway.

"Corsets and underwear, Madam? —Starboard side aft, just abaft the boiler-room. Kitchen utensils, upper deck amidships. Beachwear in the forepeak. Yes, Madam, hot luncheons are served in the main galley between 12 o'clock and two."

And when I win a lottery I'm going to buy one of the Manly ferries and convert it into the classiest night joint in Sydney Harbor.

Mermaids' chorus

FULLY manned by ex-R.A.N. personnel its commissionaire will be a Rear-Admiral, R.N. (ret.), and music will be provided by a band of the Royal Marines, supported by a full chorus of English-speaking mermaids.

The days when you had to cook your own meals or go out to a restaurant six miles away will be over.

When you are feeling peckish you just make the appropriate signal and Smoky Joe's Mobile Hamburger Joint comes alongside

Then you get little Mavis to pipe "All hands muster on the starboard side for dinner."

No cooking. No food coupons. No washing-up. Lovely!

And when I'm elected mayor of Outer Harbor, we'll have the most magnificent town hall that was ever launched, possibly a four or five decker, with six funnels.

On the bridge, the town hall clock will sound off the bells of the watch at half-hourly intervals, in the approved deep-sea manner.

Of course, several entirely new appointments will have to be created. The office of municipal engineer will differ in many respects from similar appointments in shore-based cities.

He, with his staff, will be responsible for the care and maintenance of engines and auxiliary motors in all the houses in the township.

We must also have a municipal sailmaker, municipal navigator, municipal riggers, caulkers, and boatbuilders.

However, I aim to keep rates as low as possible, and they will be, generally speaking, based on the tonnage of each particular house, its horsepower, and the amount of sail it carries.

I'm a reasonable man.

My little semi-detached bungalow is going to be a trim, seaworthy job. Say a 28-footer, streamlined, with french windows and a Maltese-cum-King's Cross style verandah running round the bridge.

Mounted on the fo'c'sle will be a 20mm. Oerlikon for repelling boarders on New Year's Eve and other festive occasions.

This will necessitate increasing my family to form a gun's crew.

Mother-in-law, who runs the house, anyway, will take over duty coxswain.

My wife, armed with an alarm clock and a baleful eye, will be officer of the watch, and I shall probably be cook of the mess myself. After which everything will be plain sailing.

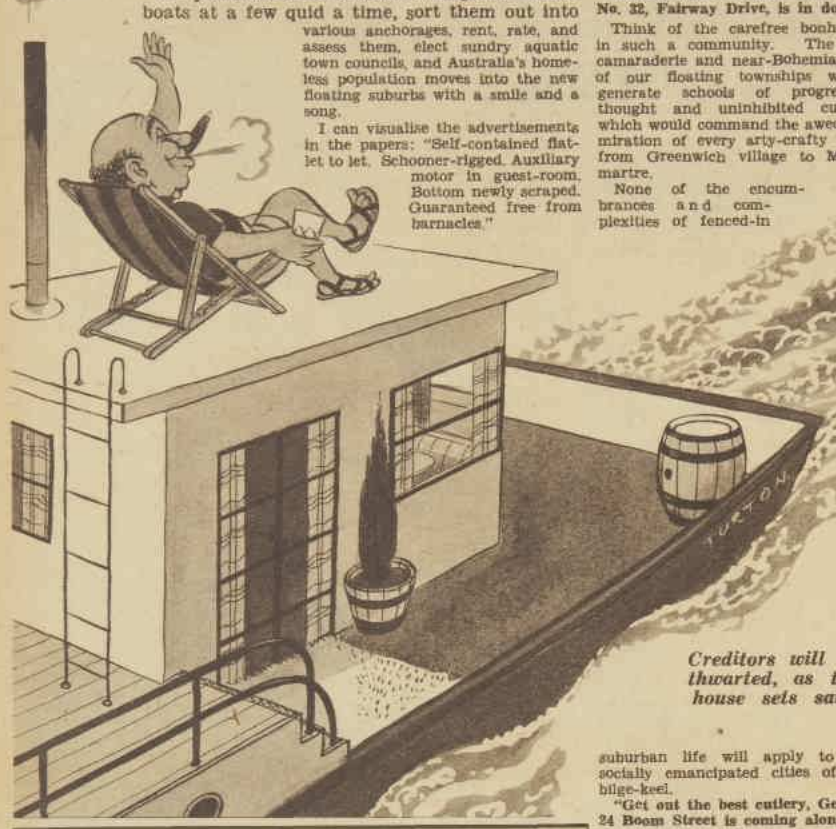
I think you'll all agree with me that the main advantage in such a floating domicile as I've just described is its mobility.

Imagine the discomfiture of my numerous creditors when eventually they are driven to come and extract by extortion and confiscation what they've been unable to collect by persistent pleading.

They arrive at Tidal Square and discover that the bird has flown, likewise home, habitation, furniture, and 183 unpaid instalments.

Some days later No. 18, Tidal Square, fully rigged and running briskly before the wind, sails blithely and serenely up the Fitzroy River to hospitable old Rockhampton, there to rock gently at its moorings until another period of amiable and generous credit has been exhausted.

Not only have I solved your housing problem, but I've solved your economic problems, too.



Creditors will be thwarted, as the house sets sail.

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Such quaint PEOPLE

A romantic triangle is humorously tangled

By LYON MEARSON

NOV 1945

PERHAPS Jeanne should not have leaned on the sea wall to gaze out over the Hudson. This crossed her mind when she looked up to find herself surrounded by three young chaps who wanted to know whether she had two sisters or friends. She turned to flee and discovered herself the victim of an encirclement.

"Let me go!" she said in a low voice, and they laughed.

That was when she first caught sight of the soldier. He went to work in a grave, efficient silence. A right hook hung one character over the wall, a left jab sent another sprawling under a tree, and the third one never waited to learn whether Jeanne did have a couple of sisters.

"Oh, I thank you, sir," said Jeanne. "You have a left jab superb."

"A left jab superb," he repeated. "You know much about left jabs superb?"

"I know a good one when I behold it."

"You don't know enough to stay out of a dark neighborhood when you're alone," he said. "If you don't mind, I have to get out before an M.P. gets round."

Jeanne took his arm, having to reach up for it.

"I will scram with you," she said. Jeanne's voice always had a touch of gaiety to it. "I live in that street." The soldier moved off with her.

"What kind of talk is that, a left jab superb?" he asked.

"You must excuse me," said Jeanne. "Sometimes I forget that the adjective must precede the noun. In France——"

"Oh, you're French?" he asked.

"I am American," she said with heat.

After the first World War Jeanne's father did not go home. Instead, he married Jeanne's mother and stayed on in Paris. When Jeanne was fifteen he died, and her mother followed him in a couple of years. Jeanne went to live with an aunt, took a business course, and went to work in the office of a wholesale perfume house. When things got too bad, Jeanne's American citizenship stood her in good stead, and she managed to get out. Now she was living with her father's mother and working in the office of a wholesale perfume house.

"I am a dactylo," she said, then corrected herself. "A stenographer."

"It's a much more beautiful word. It's like dactyl—that's a poetic metre."

His voice was lively and thrilling, Jeanne found. His name was George Petersen, he was stationed near the city, and he could get in week-ends, usually.

"I would ask you up to meet my grandmama," said Jeanne, "but she is no doubt well asleep by now."

"My leave is up at six to-morrow night," said the soldier, "in case you're interested."

It appeared that Jeanne was, and that's how it happened that George went to church the next morning with Jeanne Martinson and her grandmama.

Just three weeks later Jeanne and George ate in a small restaurant run by a fat Frenchwoman. Jeanne jabbered away in French to Mme Lina, and George sat soberly, trying to make out what was being said. After a time the woman went away to another table.

"Talking about me?" asked George.

Jeanne nodded with happiness. "It is my favorite to talk about."

George, the sober one, could smile at that. They didn't know too much about girls where George came from. But one learns, away from the farm, and the soldier knew from the way his hand shook when he lighted her cigarette that something of the first importance was happening to him.

"You mean it?" asked George.

Jeanne nodded.

George paid the check and turned to Jeanne. "Come on, Dactyl, let's go."

They went back to the Drive, where they had first met. The wind blew her hair back and she gazed at George and tried to look unconcerned, but it was an utter failure. As for the warrior, he cleared his throat a couple of times and looked exceptionally stern, so that Jeanne had to laugh.

"You look so mad with me," she giggled.

"When you were looking at me in the restaurant I made up my mind that if I ever saw you looking at any other man like that I'd sock him," said George.

"And me, too?" she laughed at him, but something was in her throat.

"You, too," he said.

"You have a left hook colossal."

A GHOST of a smile hovered over the sober lips of the soldier. "Did anyone ever tell you that you have a face exquisite?" he asked.

She nodded. "Many men. But I'm glad it pleases you. That is most important."

"Jeanne," he said, "you're right. This is important. I guess maybe it's love." Even in the darkness Jeanne could see that his face had gone dead pale. "Jeanne, do you think—I mean, would you—"

Jeanne could just barely say it. "I love you very much," she said.

A couple of thousand years later they drew apart because so many people seemed to be passing who had no business being round at such an hour.

"That's the first time I ever kissed a girl," said the soldier.

"I am certain no one can kiss like you," said Jeanne.

"I guess I must be a pretty jealous chap," he said, regarding her quietly.

"That's how I like it," said Jeanne.

"It better be," said George. "I've heard about French girls. You're flirtatious and a man's never sure of you."

Jeanne smiled gravely. "You can be sure of me, George," she said.

. . . . . .

Jeanne began looking out of the window for him half an hour before the appointed moment on the following Saturday, and as time wore on and George did not appear—he was not yet due—she became worried. At last the doorbell rang.

Galvanised into Gallic life, she flew to the door and dashed down the stairs to the front entrance, where she confronted a young man in the uniform of a French sailor.

"Jeanne! Ma petite!" he said. The girl looked at him for a full moment before recognition registered with her.

"Raoul!" she squealed at last. "Raoul! It is you, of a verity?" she exclaimed in their mother tongue.

She threw her arms round Raoul's neck, and that was the moment that George Petersen, detained at the gate because of a mistake in the date of his pass, walked into the picture.

Anger came into the young eye of George Petersen, instant decision came into his mind and co-ordination into his muscles. He was up the steps in an instant. His large and indelicate hand seized the unsuspecting Raoul by the neck and wrenched him loose from the embraces so violently that the sailor crashed against the stone pillar of the doorway.

"George!" came from the anguished lips of the little girl with the brown curl.

"I'll attend to you in a minute," promised George, turning to face the enraged sailor. George let go a roundhouse right, but it never reached its mark, because Raoul made a half turn on the ball of his left foot and his right foot came up in a lightning-swift arc. There was a sharp crack as the shoe clipped George under the chin, and he went down like a ninepin.

"Stop it!" screamed Jeanne. "I command you to desist! All the two of you!"

George scrambled to his feet, rubbing a very sore jaw. "The dirty frog! Kicking a man in a fair fight——"

Jeanne had dived in between them. "It is Raoul!" she introduced the belligerents. "This is my betrothed," she said in French to Raoul, who made signs indicating he understood the reason for the soldier's perturbation.

"I don't care who he is," declared George. "He can't kick me——"

"That is a method of defence of the self," said Jeanne. "It is the French savate."

Raoul said something rapidly in French, and Jeanne turned to George. "He says he regrets the occurrence, and trusts that your jaw is not toc painful."

Raoul stood there smiling, waiting for this to sink in. He noticed that Jeanne's handkerchief had dropped on the stoop, and with all the gallantry of his race, he bent to pick it up. The motion turned him toward the street and placed, for a moment, a vital part of the French Navy in jeopardy. George's foot drew back and the kick, delivered accurately, set Raoul tumbling down the steps.

"Oh-h!" came from Jeanne.

"Ouch!" cried Raoul.

George stood at the head of the steps and surveyed his work. Raoul lay on the cold stone below him, a look of mingled pain and surprise on his mobile countenance.

Please turn to page 4

"Ouch!" cried Raoul, staring up at Jeanne and George.

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Such Quaint People

Continued from page 3

"IT is the American savate," explained George pleasantly.

"You are both beasts beyond compare," said Jeanne, struggling between laughter and tears.

A window opened above them.

"Whatever is going on down there?" exclaimed the old lady.

"Think nothing of it, grandmama," said Jeanne. "I have merely introduced two of my friends one to another."

Raoul was a cousin of Jeanne several times removed on the mother's side, and when they were young there was occasional talk in the families that some time they would make a good married couple.

Then came the war and some years of separation, and the slight tie gave way entirely. Jeanne had hardly thought of Raoul during this time.

She explained all this to George, who listened with gravity and tried to be quite understanding. Nevertheless, he continued to be conscious of the fact that when he got his first look at Rowell, he was kissing Jeanne.

At the table Jeanne tried to be all things to all men present, but the fact that neither George nor Raoul could speak each other's language was a handicap.

"Try some more of this cutlet of the veal," said Jeanne. She put another cutlet on George's plate.

"It's very good," said George. "Have you told Rowell that we're engaged?"

She nodded. "I have told him, and he is content." She turned to Raoul and spoke to him in rapid French. "My betrothed is not very pleased that we were kissing," she informed him with a smile.

"I hope we will have the opportunity to kiss again quite soon."

"Why, Raoul!" she smiled as if he had said something exceptionally nice about George. "That will never be again."

"I know," said Raoul. "But I have always considered that you are to be my wife, and now that I see you once again, I am convinced that it would be desirable."

"What's he saying?" asked George.

"We discuss various affairs," smiled Jeanne. "We have not seen each other since a long time, you must consider."

"Make it still longer since the next time," said George.

Well, the meal was not much of a success, and with each of the men determined to outstay the other, there was a continual overtone of tension. The necessity to return to camp before taps finally caused George to make the first move.

He got up. "Don't they have taps in what the French call a navy?" he inquired.

"The ship is being overhauled," said Jeanne. "The men are in hotels for the time being."

Jeanne came to the downstairs door with George, letting her grandmother entertain the Frenchman. George took her in his arms and they kissed in a terrifically satisfactory fashion.

"Please do not be so foolish about Raoul," said Jeanne.

"Sorry," said George. "I guess I must be just too mad about you."

Jeanne shook her head. "It is not possible for you to be mad about me. Did you get a pass for to-morrow?"

He nodded. "Yes. I'll be in early. In the meantime," he looked at her significantly, "remember to whom you belong."

Private Petersen was getting ready to leave next day, when the doorway was suddenly filled with the excessively large figure of Sergeant Simpson. Leaning against the door, Sergeant Simpson looked round him, a smile adorning his mouth.

"Owing to an unfortunate set of circumstances, I need three volunteers for K.P.," he said. "Costanzi, Petersen, and Jenkins, report to the mess sergeant at once. Thank you very much. I knew I would meet with a ready response."

That's why Private Petersen was six and a half hours late getting to the house of Jeanne. And when he came, there was with him, in the nature of excess baggage in its most basic form, Privates Costanzi and Jenkins, both of whom had outspoken opinions concerning the fidelity of all French girls.

Grandmama met them at the door.

"Oh, my goodness," said she. "Jeanne's gone out. She didn't expect you any more. Nor your little playmates," she included the other two with a welcoming smile. "Don't you want to come in and wait?"

"Where did she go?" asked George.

"Well," said grandmama, "when she thought you wouldn't come any more, she decided to go for a walk. I think she might be at Grant's Tomb."

"That's fine," said Jenkins. "I always wanted to see Grant's Tomb."

So they went on up the drive, and grandmama looked after them with a smile that had something troubled in it.

"I'll bet there are lots of people at Grant's Tomb to-day," said Jenkins.

"There always are lots of lonely soldiers and sailors there," agreed Costanzi, "dying for the sight of a pretty girl."

George gave them a dirty look.

When they arrived at the walk leading to the steps that ascended to the tomb, a crowd had just reached the bottom of them. Jeanne was at one side, and George caught sight of her at once.

"There she is!" he told his little playmates. "The one at the end."

"Solid number," offered Jenkins. "But isn't your French mariner with her?"

Yon French mariner was assuredly with her, and by some odd chance it was Raoul. George stepped briskly forward and his Sunday punch landed flush on the Gallic jaw, sending Raoul sprawling.

There was a tap on George's shoulder. "Come with us, soldier," said the voice of authority. "You play too rough to be allowed off the leash." Two M.P.s stood, one on each side of the aroused soldier. Jeanne crowded in between.

"George!" she shouted.

George looked at her in silence. Then, without a word, he turned and went away with the military police.

Jeanne persisted in her belief that if she could only see the colonel in command of the post she would be able to make him understand the enormity of keeping George Petersen in the guardhouse.

THE third day she appeared at the gate one of the sentries stopped her.

"Got a pass?" he inquired.

She shook her head brightly. "We are spies, this French sailor and myself," she said. "It is quite difficult for a spy to be successful here, is it not so?"

The soldier lowered the butt of his gun to the ground, which was against the regulations, but so was this good-looking girl. "Not at all," he told her.

A sergeant came out. "What's goin' on?" he asked.

The gun came up with snap across the soldier's chest. "This spy—I mean, this lady wants to see the colonel. She's been here for three days running. Girl friend of Private Petersen's."

"Good morning, sergeant," said Jeanne, laying a trusting hand on his arm. "One knows now that action of the most quick will develop. It is a known fact that the Army is actually run by the sergeants. Am I right or wrong?"

"You're absolutely right," he said to Jeanne, "but it's funny how these things get out."

That was about the state of the matter a little later when Colonel Taswell seated himself at his desk and attempted to read the day's communications.

"What is it, sergeant?" He looked up at the staff-sergeant who had entered.

"A Miss Martinson would like to see the colonel, sir."

"What about?"

"It's about Petersen, the baby who socked the French sailor, sir."

The colonel's brow clouded. "No dice. There's too much roughhousing going on. I'm going to make an example of some of them. Tell her to go away."

"She refuses," said the sergeant. "She says the information she has is very important. It's about our international relations. There's a French sailor with her, the one who got kayoed, I think."

Colonel Taswell banged the papers down on his desk. "All right."

Jeanne came in a moment later, looking very sweet and a shade helpless, an expression that had taken quite a lot of practice. Along with her was Raoul.

"Good morning," said the colonel. He waved Jeanne and Raoul to seats. "What can I do for you?"

Jeanne looked round her as though almost afraid to speak in the presence of such greatness. She looked past the colonel to the corner desk, where Captain Hopely sat, fingering a multiplicity of papers. She caught his eye, and he smiled at her. It was difficult not to smile at Jeanne.

"You are the commanding officer of that fool colossal, George Petersen, who rests in prison?" Jeanne asked.

Colonel Taswell nodded. "What is your interest in him, may I ask?"

"Oh, I am well interested in him," said Jeanne. "He is the one whom I love most truly. George is actually a type most gentle, my colonel. It is only——"

Here Raoul broke in with a torrent of French. "I don't understand a word of it," said Colonel Taswell.

"You do not understand the language French?" asked Jeanne. The colonel shook his head. A soft look passed swiftly through the eyes of Jeanne. She turned to Raoul.

"Tell him," said Raoul, "that although I have been most grievously insulted and although my jaw has been almost dislocated, yet I bear no ill will, and I trust that he will not be merciless with the scoundrel Petersen." He smiled genially.

Jeanne looked at the colonel. "You do not understand?" The colonel shook his head.

"He says," translated Jeanne, "that the fault of the encounter was his own. He admits he struck Private Petersen with no warning, and that George was acting in defence of the self when he struck back."

As she spoke, Raoul nodded pleasantly. The colonel looked from one to the other.

"He struck him first? That puts another face on the matter."

"The sailor of France admits that he has a temper ungovernable and he regrets he was the cause of so much trouble," said Jeanne.

Raoul smiled with great geniality. The eye of Captain Hopely met the eye of Jeanne, and for a moment Jeanne's breath came fast. Then the captain smiled absently and went back to his paper work.

The colonel regarded Jeanne's nicely cut young figure with approval and let his eyes rest on her lovely face.

He spoke to the captain. "No use magnifying an incident, I suppose. Have Petersen released, captain."

He turned to Jeanne. "I hope he will be properly grateful to you, my dear."

"Oh, he will," said Jeanne.

When Captain Hopely caught up with them in the corridor, Jeanne asked whether the release would take effect soon.

"It will take place at once, mademoiselle," said the captain in French as good as hers.

"You are kind," replied Jeanne. "You understand French, then?"

The captain bowed. "I lived on the Rue du Cardinal Lemoine fifteen years," he said. He turned to Raoul. "I think the honor of the French Navy has been capably upheld to-day," he told him.

That's how it happened that George Petersen was sprung from the guardhouse. He got a fair impression of the proceedings when, upon leaving the barred gate, he perceived Jeanne.

The moment after her arms went round his neck his will power wilted.

"Are you going to remember whom you belong to from now on?" inquired George.

"I am yours most firmly," said Jeanne.

"Well, remember that," said George. "Because, if any man lays a hand on you, except in anger, I'll just naturally kill him."

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MAN RUNNING

He raced against deadly competitors in the greatest event of his life

Puzzled, he stared down at the two men on the bridge.

By A. B. SHERLOCK

THE sentry was alert enough. He would have detected any normal noises of approach, but the little man who stole up behind him made no sound. The first, the only sound that the sentry heard, was the swish of the heavy sandbag as it smashed down on his head.

While unconsciousness lasted, his attacker worked fast. Ankles first, and then wrists . . . a gag tied with calculated severity . . . and the body was ready to be dragged into a tangle of lantana. The attacker stood waiting, listening to his own breathing. The silence was complete but for the hum of the telephone wires and muffled talking from the nearby tents.

Directly in front of him, the railway bridge reached across the river, ill-defined in the light of a scrap of moon. Watching, he saw a torch blink on the opposite bank, and he answered with a flash of his own. Presently his three colleagues, moving slowly under a weight of equipment, came walking toward him across the bridge. The foremost waited until he was less than two feet away before he spoke. Even then he whispered.

"You got him?"

The little man nodded, jerked his thumb toward the lantana. "And yours?"

"He was half-asleep. We helped him finish the job."

"Good, good. So—the guards are out of the way. Now for the rest."

They all looked at the two bell-tents—one a yellow-glowing cone, the other lightless and sleeping. From the lighted tent came talking and an occasional laugh.

"Come on," the leader said. The four men began a stealthy and watchful approach to the tents. Two of them were carrying stumpy gas-cylinders.

Inside the lighted tent, men sat round a packing-case, slapping down their greasy cards like machines. Other men lay or sat about, some reading, one whittling a toy out of wood, another asleep with a dead cigarette in his mouth.

"Gone ten o'clock yet, Sarge?" somebody asked.

"Twenty to," the sergeant said.

"That's nearly two hours to go."

"What's wrong with you, Jonesy? Don't you see enough trains over that bridge all day, without wanting to—"

"Aw, pull your skull in, Ken. Troop trains are different. And we'll be seeing plenty after to-night. Going north. Gee, if a bloke was only with that mob, instead of stuck here nursing a bridge too far out in the bush for anyone to find anyway, let alone blow up—Orright, I'll go seven diamonds, just to be matey—"

"I'd risk a few bob on it. Wish I'd known you had the ace, mug—could've gone slam——"

"It's our game, anyway, so what are you wingeing about? What d'you say, blokes? Another game, or do we turn it in?"

"Play until half-past."

"No, make it eleven."

"Righto, deal them out, Ken. It's dead early yet—Legs McGill ain't back yet . . . What's up, Sarge, don't you like that name?"

The sergeant blew out his cheeks. "Legs? I'll tickle him up, don't you worry, when he gets back. Dunno what he thinks this show is—a Girl Guide camp or something. Walks out any old tick of the clock. But he's finished this time. And nobody can say I haven't given him an extra-good spin——"

"Aw, he's not right in the nut, that bird. Never knows whether he's coming or going. All his brains are in his feet, if you ask me."

"You said it. They don't call him Legs for nothing. Twenty years ago or so, he was about the best distance runner in the world. Only he just didn't have any sense."

"Went to the Games once, didn't he?"

"Nearly did. He was selected, the way I remember it, but he started playin' up, and they dumped him. He was too wild, I reckon. Not only that, but he was the prettiest case of swelled head you ever saw. If he'd got to Paris that trip, they would've been half their time huntin' for him, not knowin' whether the coot was in bed or gone to Russia or somewhere . . . Funny sort of smell round here. Anybody notice anything?"

"No . . . just the usual mixture. But about Legs, Joe—ever see him run, did you?"

"No, I never did. One year he was booked to run at the big New Year sports at Marport. I was livin' there at the time, and we all rolled up to see him in action. Well, he never showed up for the race—it turned out he went fishin' and forgot all about it. Lot of fuss about it, there was."

"I don't see how a man could forget——"

"Legs could. He was as silly as a two-bob watch—just the way he is now. Nobody ever knew what he was goin' to do next—and you can bet your life he didn't. Great runner all right, when you could get him with spiked shoes on and in the right mood, but when you took his legs away from him there wasn't anything left . . . that smell's gettin' worse."

"Dead horse floating down the river, or something. Ah-h-h, I'm getting sleepy. I can hardly——"

"You're—tellin' me. I'm sort of droppin' off myself. Come on all of a sudden——"

"It's this steamy weather" the sergeant said. The lamplight seemed to grow fuzzy before his eyes, and he shook his head impatiently. "It's making me dopy, too. I—I——"

He cast a bleary look about him. The others in the tent were all in various stages of somnolescence, some flat out and breathing with peculiar rigor, others staring glassily between eyelids heavy as curtains. A remote suspicion, something that hinted but didn't quite add up, stirred in the sergeant's fuddled mind. The sense of something being wrong, dead wrong, got him to his feet, but once there his legs folded under him like rubber. Consternation showed in his dulling features as he crumpled across the table and the cards. He started to snore.

The gas continued to filter into the tent. Issuing from a wool-shrouded nozzle, it had been nearly silent from the first, but now, overlain by a blanket of sound from its snoring victims, it was quite inaudible.

. . . . . .

Private McGill, dragging his lank six-feet casually up the river-bank, was thinking of his wasted evening. He had walked down a mile or so to the river-mouth, and had hung about for a couple of hours, waiting for his fishermen friends to turn up. You could put in the time very agreeably with them while waiting for the tide to turn. But on this particular night they hadn't shown up, he didn't know why.

So there it was. More trouble with the sergeant, and all for nothing this time. The Army was funny, all right. You'd think in a unit like this, where most of the men were getting too old for front-line stuff, they wouldn't be fussy about discipline. But the trouble was, they were—spit and polish all the time, with never a let-up. As if it mattered—guarding a railway bridge out in thick coastal scrub you couldn't send a dog through. Nothing to break the monotony except the everlasting trains going through.

Legs McGill pulled up, aware that something was amiss. Standing on a slight rise, he could look down on the bridge approach, and the tents just beyond it. He saw at a glance that there was no sentry at the end of the bridge; but what puzzled him even more was the presence of four civilians.

Two of them were posted near the tents. The other two went out on the bridge, carrying a couple of boxes. They were busy about the centre of the bridge, working actively and mysteriously for some minutes. Then they returned, and even in the bad light Legs could see that they were paying out a cord or cable of some kind.

Legs McGill wasn't very bright, and the sergeant had told him a hundred times that he was a rotten soldier, but you didn't have to be a mental giant to wake up to what the game was. Particularly when you knew, as Legs knew, that the first of a string of troop-trains was due at the bridge at half-past eleven, 2330 hours, as the sergeant would say.

It was far from clear just what he could do in the circumstances. Obviously the two sentries had been put out of the way, and the rest of the men had been leg-roped somehow or other, because there wasn't a sound from the tents, while two of the civvies stood by, yarning in normal tones, as if there were nobody in the tents at all.

Legs McGill knew that, unarmed, without even a pocket-knife on him, he had no chance of overcoming the intruders. They were certain to be carrying guns. Nor was there much hope of pulling up the troop-train before it neared the bridge. Lacking a torch, lacking even matches to light a fire, he knew of no way to make sure of stopping the train. Yet the train had to be stopped—before it ventured on to the bridge, and the waiting men detonated the charge.

He looked at his watch, and told himself that he was crazy. Nine miles to Morduraway—the train would stop there for a certainty; they all did. But nine miles! It wasn't the time so much; it was the distance. A man would have to run all the way. And to run nine miles in cold blood—to cover the distance at all—

Fifteen, twenty years ago he could have done it easily, gladly — could have turned round and run back again without resting; aye, and beaten relays of average runners on the way. Then, it wouldn't have been a task, an ordeal—it would have been a delight, the only thing in the world worth doing.

It was still the only thing worth doing, if you came down to tin tacks; the trouble was, he couldn't do it any more. You could still go through the motions, more or less, but you didn't get that pulsating joy, the sheer pleasure of running for its own sake.

Besides, a man's legs went — the legs were always the first to go.

His thoughts broke off, and he was amazed to find that he had trotted all the way down to the estuary, was taking a familiar track through tea-tree scrub toward the beach. He knew what it would be like out there—the vast beach curving away south, the crumpled dunes behind it, the slow-breaking Pacific in front.

By the time he reached the beach, he had ceased to be amazed at his own swift and unplanned response to the emergency. His legs had decided for him. They had taken action on their own account, and he was satisfied. If they were ready to make the attempt, there was nothing more to be said.

His watch told him that it was just seven minutes past ten, and it was safe to assume that the first troop special wouldn't leave Morduraway before 11.15. Therefore, he had a shade over the hour, and there was always the chance that the troop-train would be running late. Over an hour . . .

The tide was still going out. He stumbled through the loose sand to the water's edge, and his runner's sense told him that his heavy military boots would have to be discarded.

He ripped them off, and the heavy socks as well, and tore long strips from his shirt to bind about his feet, bandaging them as a boxer bandages his hands. It used up a couple of valuable minutes, but as soon as he stood up and took a few strides he knew that the time hadn't been wasted. In his khaki shorts and singlet he felt a sudden freedom and eagerness to be running.

For the first few minutes he seemed all unbalanced. His arms were swinging too wide, and upsetting the rhythm. He was running fast, very fast indeed, but in his action he detected some discomfort, a lack of smoothness such as a mechanic might feel in the performance of a long-disused engine. He was travelling, but he hadn't yet got the cadence.

Back in his boyhood in a bush town he and his brothers had been known as the "running McGills," because the whole family had that fleetness, that greyhound-like elasticity of limb, that sureness of tread, as if each foot had eyes of its own, no matter how rough or uneven the ground. But the running McGills had run into nothing but trouble. His brother Joe was dead at Pozieres; Tim was on the outer somewhere in the West; and he himself, the youngest—well, the last twenty years were just a record of wasted time, of easy-come, easy-go, jobs picked up and thrown away, in the unrepentant interval between two wars.

He was 38, and just as big a fool as he was in his youth. A rotten soldier—they'd told him so dozens of times. No good to the Army or himself either. And no doubt they were right. All his life he had had but one talent, and even that had got him nowhere. There had been a time when it had shone as gold, unmistakable gold, but now it was gone, and he hadn't even the satisfaction of having made the best of it while it lasted.

Down by the waves the beach was too hard, and it banged on his soles like concrete. Further up it grew soft, and in mid-stride it pitched him off-balance, and he lost half-a-dozen strides while he recovered. The secret was to select the strip between the two, after the sand had started to yield, but before it had softened enough to give way under driving feet.

Once he got the trick of it into his head, he started to open out, and his feet began to fly with brisk confidence. It was easier now, and the cadence was coming back, the long, space-eating strides, the easy action which years ago sports-writers had grown rapturous about.

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sportswear
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yours again ... next year!

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WATCH OVER ME

By PAUL ERNST

DAVE met her on his way home from an Army hospital in New York. It was after nine when he woke from an uneasy doze and decided that maybe at this hour a fellow could get into the dining-car without too much waiting.

He rose from his seat next to the fat man, who had long since given up trying to make conversation with him, and walked toward the rear of the train, a tall, heavy-boned man with deep-set eyes that were amazingly sensitive.

His scars, if any, were not visible. That was because, aside from the ragged lane in his back, Lieut. Dave Ritchie wore his scars inside. And over them, he resolutely wore an easy grin—even when he was in small, closed vehicles like motor cars. A railway carriage, he reminded himself sternly, was not so bad, being large and full of windows.

Although it was late, people were still lined up along the aisle of the car next to the dining-car. They swayed with the motion of the train through this mountainous section, frequently making quick grabs to keep from falling into fellow passengers' laps. The girl clung to Dave's arm for an instant.

"Sorry," she said. "You have to be an acrobat in here."

Dave looked down at her. A big girl not too fussily dressed. A girl with an independent stance who would be able to carry her own luggage without fuss. Apparently a nice girl too—one that you'd be glad to have grab your arm, unless you were like Dave Ritchie and had no place in your life just now for girls.

"You must also be a snake and feed only once in a blue moon to travel now," he said, with the little grin that had become a rite.

"I don't starve willingly," the girl laughed back. "I'm no wraith. I need vitamins."

"You're not as big as all that."

"Five feet eight, and ten stone weight. And it's called Helen Hood, in case you care."

"I'm Dave Ritchie. Thanks."

The line inched up. "I hope there's at least a cheese sandwich left—a nice, dry, railroad one with cheese that used to be carried in hods," said Dave.

There was more than that, they discovered gratefully. A waiter found substantial din-ers for them both.

On the way back from the dining-car Dave told himself that Helen was no more pleasant than any other girl; she just seemed that way. Like on shipboard, he told himself; you talk to people because you're bored.

When the fat man in the seat next to Dave saw the tall pair coming along the aisle, he got up. "Sit here, sit here," he said, beaming at Helen. "Your seat is the fifth down, isn't it? I'll take that, eh? S'all right."

Helen, coloring slightly but laughing, too, accepted the fat man's seat. Dave shrugged. They began chatting fitfully.

Her home was only six or seven blocks from his, Dave discovered, and for a moment he felt uneasy. But he didn't need to. After all, he didn't have to call her or see her in Chicago. And he wouldn't, either. Being with this girl was too pleasant for a man in his position to toy with. Dave considered this. Somehow the best of well-intentioned civilians couldn't seem to understand the way things were . . .

"You seem to know something about soldiers and soldiering," he remarked, then.

"I've done some nursing," Helen said.

At eleven, people began to ease back in their seats.

"I wish they wouldn't turn the lights down," Dave said.

"Why?" said Helen. "You probably wouldn't read, and you can't talk late without getting booed."

"I'm not at all sleepy," he whispered to Helen.

"You just think you're not," she whispered back. "Stretch out. Look at the light reflection on the seat rail there. Soon you'll see rings round it; then they'll grow bigger and dimmer and a remarkable thing will happen. Concentrate to see what it is."

"You a psychologist or something?"

"Oh! no! But watch for what comes after the rings and tell me if you see what I usually do."

So, idly, Dave watched the streak of light along the chrome until the rings came. Beside him the tall girl was quiet, though now and then the train's motion made him conscious of her nearness. And the rings spread and at the same time diffused . . .

The sleep was satisfactory—not too sound. In the past few months Dave had built up such a guard against embarrassment that in a light doze he could be almost sure he was behaving. Almost sure. There was one time when he woke to find Helen's cool, firm hand over his wrist. In restraint? But he glanced at her and was reassured by her closed eyes and regular breathing.

In the morning they walked together through the crowds at the Chicago station.

"Anyone meeting you?" he said.

"No. The family lives far away. In Chicago I'm alone and on my own."

Dave spotted his father and mother then. Mrs. Ritchie had Dave's gentle, too receptive eyes; but if there were tears over this meeting they were kept well under control.

"You look wonderful," she trilled. "So much better than when we saw you last." She turned to Helen. "We went to see him as soon as he reached the hospital, but he sent us home again in a few days."

A nice girl, Dave thought—but he had no place for girls in his life now.

Dave flushed darkly, remembering endless days of bottomless indifference broken only by spells of deathly cynicism.

"I'll be on my way," said Helen. And Dave wanted to let it go at that, he really did . . . Helen Hood was much too attractive for his liking. But he couldn't be rude.

"Ride with us, of course," he offered. He added to his parents, "She lives near us, right on our way."

In the Ritchie sedan, Dave hugged close to the window and kept his tremulous hands clenched on the seat edge. When would he get over this feeling in closed cars? Otherwise the ride was all right; Mr. and Mrs. Ritchie kept their thankfulness for their son's return well muffled, and there was no ingenuous revealment of his shame. They dropped Helen at the address she gave, a modest apartment building, and then went on.

"Nice girl," said Mr. Ritchie.

"I only met her on the train," Dave said, a shade too carelessly. "I'll probably never see her again."

"Why not?" his father said. "A girl like that? I would."

Dave laughed. "I'm barely home and here you are trying to get me out of the place. I don't want to do anything but just lie round and sleep."

"And we want you to, dear," said his mother.

Dave patted her hand. No man could have more understanding parents, he decided.

They were so much all right that they'd even thought to let no one know the date of Dave's homecoming, so there were no gushing phone calls all the first day, no constant dropping in of acquaintances. There were just rest and peace, and his father home from the office, and his mother, trying hard to guess his wishes in advance.

The trouble was he had no wishes. By dinnertime he was so restless he thought he'd jump out of his skin. His parents were wonderful; it was marvellous to be home, but this was a vacuum compared to his recent life. Then, at a little after eight when he thought he'd go mad if he didn't stand in the middle of the living-room and yell, the phone rang.

"It's your Helen Hood," said Mrs. Ritchie.

Dave tried to sort out the sudden confusion of his thoughts.

"Hello," he said into the phone, without expression.

"Hello, Dave." No hurt was in her voice. "Feeling itchy?"

He wondered how she knew. "Rather," he said.

"It's a clear night out and the slush is frozen," came the calm, low voice. "Why don't you ask me if I'd like to take a fast walk, and maybe look at the lake? And why don't you suggest afterward we have hot coffee!"

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RENDEZVOUS WITH DEATH

First instalment of an intriguing new Australian mystery serial

By . . .

MARGOT NEVILLE

TO the people involved, the day of murder may be just like any other. The sun shines, the wind blows, the victim and the guilty eat and drink and work and make love. They meet and pass, maybe, in street or taxi or on the stairs, swinging apart and together again for that final atavistic act.

So the day of October 1 at Beresford Court—the big block of flats overlooking Sydney Harbor—had been pretty much like other days, and as usual round about six-thirty people were drifting into Owen and Marjorie Curtis' flat for a drink before dinner.

The Curtis' flat—Number 91—was at the top, nine stories up. The long, spacious sitting-room had windows that dramatically commanded the full sweep of the bay and the green shores of Taronga and Bradley's Head.

This evening the scent from bowls of flowers sweetened the near-cool salt breeze that lifted the curtains. Smoke and talk and laughter and the chink of glasses composed the usual six to eight symphony.

At one end of the room Nora Russell, secretary to Miss Gwenda Breen, of Flat 94, was sitting in an armchair. Beside her were Leith Henderson and Bob Yates, from Flat 93, just now on leave, and awaiting demobilisation. Both were looking down on her possessively.

"But to get right to business," Leith was saying, "which of us do you mean to marry, Nora? Me or Bob?"

"Who said it was going to be either?"

"That's understood," Bob declared. "Actually, I think mine's the more attractive offer—the old homestead among the broad acres. Wool, mutton, primary industry."

"To say nothing of drought," Leith said. "Now my offer isn't dependent on rain from heaven. My old man's law business flourishes on the unlimited supply of human foolishness and pugnacity."

Bob said, "Don't forget, darling, that I'm a good inch taller than Leith."

"True, but I'm generally considered to be the handsomer!"

"That's the problem," Nora laughed. "If you marry a handsome man other girls try to snatch him. If you marry a plain one they pity you."

"Say, darling, I'm not as bad as that," Bob protested.

He certainly wasn't. She glanced up at his face, burnt almost mahogany color by the tropical sun, and at his clear hazel eyes that looked oddly light in the dark face.

No one else could have told, but right deep down Nora knew which one of them she loved and meant to marry. But she just could not yet bring herself to end the hopes of the other.

Owen Curtis, their host, approached with tilted cocktail shaker. "Nora? How is it, boys?"

"Buzz off, Owen, we're proposing to her."

He refilled their glasses and passed on with a grin.

Curtis had been a Naval Reserve man before the war, and had held a shore job for the past year, which was quite perfect from Marjorie's point of view, because it allowed him to look specially handsome in naval officer's uniform and yet get home to dinner.

Owen didn't try for a word alone with Essie until Marjorie went into the kitchen to tell Miss Krausz to fix more anchovy biscuits. Essie Ashworth—Mrs. William Scott off the stage—lived with her husband in the next flat, Number 92. Not that Owen had anything special to say to her—only those things that seem special to the people who are feeling them.

He drew her out on to the little balcony and stood close to her.

"That's better. Cooler here, isn't it? Is that a new frock?" His eyes swept over her.

"My dear! . . . this old rag."

"It looks wonderful, anyhow. And has anyone ever told you that your eyelashes have a glint on them like the barrel of a gun?"

She looked up from the cigarette he was lighting for her. She had forget-me-not blue eyes that slanted upward, and lashes that curled sweepingly, and lips that curled, too, in scarlet satiny curves. She knew as well as Owen did all about her eyelashes. And Marjorie knew, too, with an ever-recurring pang of jealousy, based on nothing so far but her own intuition.

"What about dining with me tomorrow night?" he murmured.

She shook her head. "I had a telegram from William this afternoon. From Melbourne. He's catching to-night's express. He'll be here in the morning."

"Oh, confound it! He's been away a whole month, and all I've seen of you is bits and snatches across the landing."

The flutter of the gunmetal eyelashes shot danger at him. "Perhaps it's just as well . . ."

He leaned on the balustrade beside her.

"Surely you could lunch with me one day," he persisted.

"No, Owen."

"You don't mean that, Essie."

"Yes, I mean no."

"Why not reverse it and say, 'No, I mean yes'?"

"No, I mean no!" She threw her cigarette away and slipped back into the noisy room.

Marjorie, lean and brown and eaten up with love for Owen, came out of the kitchen with the tray of savories. Maybe she saw Owen and Essie come in from the balcony, maybe she didn't. She didn't look their way, anyhow, but started to laugh and talk with two servicemen by the table.

When Essie reappeared Miss Breen got up. Lately, for some reason or other, she had taken to cutting Essie, quite ostentatiously.

Miss Breen was English, a not very successful writer of books on Nature subjects. She was nearing sixty—a big woman with an imperious, abrupt manner. She had a nose for war, and had got out of England straight after Munich and gone to stay with friends in Hawaii, but had got away from there in plenty of time, too.

Kurusu dickering at Washington

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served who drank whisky and crude wines and had never tasted mellow golden Tokay from the Hungarian vineyards.

So the evening folded up into night in its familiar pattern, with the ferries, like lighted miniature liners, slipping in and out of the bays, and the indigo sky blazing with stars.

. . . . . .

One o'clock. Nora woke suddenly. She was sleeping at Miss Breen's flat to-night, as she occasionally did when she stayed for dinner and they worked in the evening. It was easier than going home to her own two-roomed flatlet across the water at Kirribilli.

She sat up and looked at her watch. What had wakened her? Everything was still, yet she had a sense that something was wrong, that she was wanted urgently somewhere. She didn't know why, but she found herself slipping out of bed, and putting on a dressing-gown.

The guests, laughing and chatting, were crowding the lounge of the Curtis' flat.

Automatically, with this hurried sense of compulsion, she went into the sitting-room and turned on a table-lamp. Under the lamp lay a pair of scissors, and on the floor was the small leather case into which they fitted.

Nora stood a moment looking at them. Those two objects lying there were not just queer because Miss Breen belonged to that order of women who punch up cushions and straighten newspapers before going to bed. They were queer for another reason. But Nora hadn't time to think about that now.

The door into Miss Breen's bedroom was open, and she crossed and looked in. The room was empty, the bed still made, the light on, and for Nora, for some reason that she couldn't have told, the whole room bore the secret impress of disaster.

At once she thought of the roof garden where Miss Breen often walked for a while before going to bed. But surely never till one o'clock? Perhaps she had fallen asleep or been taken ill.

Opening the front door and catching back the lock so that she wouldn't be shut out, Nora ran up the short flight of stairs that led to the roof.

There was no one about at first glance. The level rays of the moon set streaming out the shadows of tubs of cactus and flowering shrubs and awnings and chairs. The breath of the night was fresh and cool.

"Miss Breen," she said, and her voice sounded scared in her own ears. "Miss Breen . . ." There was no answer.

Then, turning a corner, she found her. Sprawled out, almost unrecognisable in her stillness, Miss Breen lay, her arms flung wide and her empty eyes staring up into the deep blue of the night sky. A shallow dark pool spread out from under her shoulder-blades.

Forcing herself forward, Nora stooped over her. She put out a hand and touched the still arm. It was cold—cold in all the warmth round, still with an unanswerable stillness while everything else moved on—the breeze, the moon, the shadow of the cactus . . .

With a dry throat that couldn't scream, and a heart pounding against her ribs, she backed away and went stumbling down the stairs and banged on the Curtis' door.

"Owen, Owen! . . ."

Almost at once Owen, in shirt and trousers, opened it. "Nora! What on earth——"

She stumbled in past him, into the bedroom where Marjorie's scared head was lifted off the pillow. "What is it?" Marjorie demanded.

Trembling and stammering, Nora tried to explain.

"What do you mean? Murdered!" Owen caught her by the shoulders.

Marjorie jumped out of bed and slipped on a gown. "Nora, what are you saying? It can't be! How, where . . .?"

But Nora couldn't tell them any more. She had collapsed among Marjorie's pale lavender sheets and pillows.

The night was ripped to pieces then as lights flashed on and telephones shrilled, and big, dark police cars sped down the steep street toward the white building at the harbor's edge.

Detective-Inspector Grogan, Detective-Sergeant Manning, and a couple of constables spilled out of the lift at the ninth floor.

Pike, the caretaker, a little man with a head like a seal, was standing at the foot of the flight of stairs that led to the roof. He jerked a thumb over his shoulder.

"She's here, up here," he said hoarsely, and they filed up after him.

OWEN CURTIS and Bob Yates and Leith Henderson were still up there and a doctor who had been sent for from one of the other flats.

So the tortuous, unrelenting machinery of murder inquiry got under way.

Half an hour later, when the detectives came down to the dead woman's flat, Nora was there, still in pyjamas and dressing-gown, sick and frightened and unable to believe what had happened.

But Detective-Inspector Grogan—large and smooth and unshakably cheerful—oddly seemed to make murder as everyday as a chat over the back fence.

"What's your name?"

"Nora Russell."

"A relative?"

"No, I'm Miss Breen's secretary. Oh, who can have done this awful thing?" she cried. "When—when did it happen?"

"Midnight, the doctor says. He says she'd been dead an hour when the caretaker called him soon after one. Stabbed in the back, she was. The knife went in clean between the shoulders."

"The knife?"

"That's right—a pointed table knife. Like the kind you'd use for carving poultry. Know of one missing anywhere?"

She shook her head, screwing up her eyes to try to shut out the picture.

"She wore two valuable diamond rings," she suggested. "Could it have been for that?"

"Robbery? No. Those rings are on her hand right now."

"Makes it a bit queer," Manning grunted, firm always in his belief that every human action has its roots in economics. He roamed through the flat, taking in everything with his round pop-eyes—the solid furniture, the good pieces of china.

"Now about finding the body?" Grogan said easily, confident that once the unravelling process began someone would spill something, that facts would acquire an independent life and clamor to be heard, however much people tried to push them back into the dark silence of non-being.

Nora told him all she knew. That Miss Breen was English. She had mentioned once that she had no close relations. There were some cousins in Cambridge to whom her money would probably go. Her will? Oh, well, she thought that that was with the solicitors in London, Gray and Truscott, of Lincoln's Inn. She had written letters to them from Miss Breen.

Miss Breen didn't appear to know many people in Sydney — except the few she'd got to know since she came to this building.

No, Nora couldn't think of any reason on earth why anyone should want to murder her employer. Yes, she'd slept here, as she sometimes did when they worked in the evening. No, she couldn't really say that she had noticed anything out of the ordinary, except—she broke off, remembering something.

"Yes?"

"Well, it's such a small thing, but it seemed odd at the time. When I turned the light on in here those scissors of Miss Breen's were on the table, and the case she kept them in was lying on the floor in the middle of the room."

Grogan glanced down at them, at the small, round-pointed scissors and the flexible blue leather sheath beside them. Then he looked up at Nora.

"Well, Miss Russell, there's something more to it than that, isn't there? What's odd about a woman leaving her scissors round overnight?"

Nora hesitated, trying to put her puzzlement into words. "No, of course that isn't odd. But that pair of scissors was about the only thing that Miss Breen ever seemed sort of . . . secretive about."

"Secretive?"

"Yes. Once I went to get them and she stopped me. And once I picked them up—in their case—to cut some string round a parcel, and she snatched them out of my hand, quite roughly. I knew—I just knew that she didn't want me to touch those scissors—ever."

"You haven't any idea why?"

"Not the smallest in the world."

"All right. We'll let the finger-print men have a look at 'em." He bent over the two objects on the table; then lower, drawing the lamp a little closer. H'm . . . funny. That might mean something . . . but still . . .

Pike was standing by, large damp eyes darting from one to the other, holding a sort of watching brief for the landlord. Questioned by Grogan he shook his head firmly. No, he didn't know of any reason why anyone in the building would have done the murder. Not a building like this. They'd always kept it exclusive.

Pity the inspector couldn't see his way to hushing the business up. After all, it wasn't as if she had any relations.

Murder was a nasty job, take his word for it! Gave a building a bad name, it did. Made the rents fall plop. And once the rents fell that was the sweet end of it. It had been hard enough to keep the place as nice as it should be, what with the war and everything. He talked about the building lovingly, as though it had a good deal more life than most of its tenants.

The finger-print and camera men arrived just then, and Grogan and Manning went back to the roof with them, followed by Pike.

Nora slipped over to Flat 91.

Leith and Bob, still in dressing-gowns, were there, and Essie, roused by someone, had come in wearing an elaborately feminine garment suggestive of the bedroom scene in act two. Marjorie and Owen were making coffee.

Strong, fresh coffee and thick slices of toast—for the night in its small hours was growing chilly—and brandy and cigarettes, and a nervous assurance in all their talk that horrible as the whole thing was it had nothing—nothing intimately—to do with them.

INCESSANTLY the talk went on. "A drop of this in your coffee, Nora . . . Someone must have hated the poor old girl . . . Rubbish, it must have been a madman . . . Oh, I'm going to look for another flat! . . . This is a very nifty brandy, Owen . . . Yes, I keep it for emergencies. There's just enough left if anyone else gets bumped off . . . Oh, don't! . . .

"Do you think I could go back to bed? . . . Isn't it awful, poor old Miss Breen dead and nobody shedding a tear! . . . Only natural, darling. Ninety per cent. of the world's tears are due to self pity and the other ten per cent. to mascara . . . Owen, darling, give Essie some more coffee . . ."

Only once the talk faltered and faded out when the sound of heavy footsteps passed the door, the footsteps of men bearing a weighty burden down the steps from the roof as Miss Breen made her last exit from Beresford Court.

It was just after this that suddenly, as though from nowhere, a picture flashed into Nora's mind—Miss Breen's cheque book—something she had seen scrawled in pencil there. Yesterday afternoon it had been, just after lunch.

She had been sitting at the desk typing the last chapter of the book, and Miss Breen had called from her bedroom asking for her fountain-pen and a cheque form for the rent for Pike. Nora had opened the book to tear out the cheque, and had caught sight of those pencilled words on two of the stumps. What did they mean?

If only she could get hold of the book—gain time to think—pretend she had had charge of it—rub out those words, maybe . . . if she dared.

She put down her coffee and slipped out. The door of Miss Breen's flat was ajar, and she crossed to it and pushed it open.

But the flat wasn't empty. From the entrance hall, right down the length of the big sitting-room, she could see two constables standing looking out of the window, their broad backs to her. Crazy to have thought she could touch anything here now.

Please turn to page 39

might have fooled the diplomats. He didn't fool Miss Breen, who was comfortably installed in Sydney before the bombs were sounding over Pearl Harbor.

There was a queer gleam in her eyes as she looked down at slender, blonde little Nora with her bodyguard of the two young soldiers.

"If you're ready, Nora," she said coldly. "We're having dinner early. I want to do a little work to-night."

But Essie never let anyone else make the star exit—not Miss Breen, anyhow. She crossed over to Marjorie and put down her glass.

"Thanks so much, darling. I must get along to the theatre."

Marjorie protested. "Darling, it's barely more than seven!"

"I know, but I'm on soon after the curtain rises in this show. I'm so sorry to run away. It's been lovely." Her satiny lips curved into a smile that embraced Marjorie and all round her. It caught up the two servicemen, and they drifted out in her wake.

The babble of talk went on a while longer.

When everyone had gone, Owen hurriedly ate a chop and left to go on duty. Marjorie drank her coffee alone, hoping that that was where he really had gone.

And in the kitchen Miss Krausz bent her leathery face over the glass-washing and sniffed contemptuously at the barbarians whom she now

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What's a girl to do?

ALLEYNE LESLIE
answers some posers

Q: Peggy's seen her soldier husband only three days in the past year. Now John, the dashing pilot she used to work with, asks her out. Should she—

1. Put on her pretties and go?
2. Accept, but tell *the* man all about it?
3. Graciously decline?

A: *No. 3's your cue, Peggy dear. People talk and, besides, would "he" really like it? Save your fun for his precious leave and in the meantime keep that fresh, orange-blossom look of your complexion by using Erasmic Vanishing Cream. There's nothing like it to protect skin from wind and weather and preserve that soft luscious finish.*

Q: Sue's known Harry for just ten perfect days; he's on final leave and wants to get married. Should she—

1. Say she's not sure and risk losing him for ever?
2. Fix the wedding-day now and chance being sorry afterwards?

A: *It's hard to wait when you're in love, Sue dear, but No. 1 is the only possible answer. Make sure he'll adore you just as much next leave by improving the golden moments with regular use of Erasmic Cold Cream. It'll make your skin so soft and satin-y that he'll think you more lovely than ever.*

Q: Jane has one pretty eye on the handsome young welder in the factory. What's her best line to get acquainted—

1. Go over at lunch-break and ask him if he jitterbugs?
2. Plan an introduction through a girl friend?
3. Keep her mind on her job and hope *he'll* notice her?

A: *Anything but No. 3 would definitely throw a spanner in the works, Janie. But remember, just because your overalls are workaday, your skin doesn't have to be that way, too. See if Erasmic Face Powder doesn't give you a No. 1 priority with that boy! A girl's heaviest artillery is always her glamour and men fall hard for a well-groomed complexion.*

ERASMIC Beauty Products

1/2 each

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CAN YOU DATE THIS

Swim Suit?

FILL IN DATE

19__

THEN READ BELOW

"I'LL TELL THE WORLD" was current slang. Two-piece stockingette bathing costumes moulded to slim waists. Boneless all-in-one corsets. Challenged by the clinging fashions of 1931, Kotex perfected flat, pressed ends. Only Kotex offers this patented feature—ends that don't cause telltale outlines.

10

Man Running

Continued from page 5

THE beach was long and featureless, and there was nothing to measure his progress. Sometimes he thought he could see the lights of Mordurawaay dancing ahead of him, but he couldn't be sure. In that thick salt-laden air, drifting in from the sea, lights would be blurred, he knew, until a man was almost on top of them. Better not to start seeing the lights too early. Better keep running until they became steady, until they didn't even twinkle, let alone vanish for minutes at a time.

He was running in a sort of vacuum in which nothing changed or moved but his unresting feet. Something else moved too — the hands of his watch; but there wasn't any sense in looking at the watch yet. Not when he couldn't tell how far he had gone. There were no marked laps on this course.

He was warmed up and going nicely now. His early distress had burned away, and the pulsation had established itself sweetly. He was moving along comfortably — he wasn't sprinting or forcing himself. Runners who knew no other discipline than the beckoning tape ahead never built into distance performers. "One-lap milers" they used to be called in his day, the men who got a sprint complex, who didn't know how to set a pace and listen to its beating, lap after lap, as regular as the beating of a ship's engines.

And in his head there was once more the old tune, like a motor's throbbing—a medley of different percussions, the thudding feet, the drumming pulse, the driven air beating in his ears.

Running, he let his mind drift back again to Paris, to the 1924 Games—everything he had missed in that unlucky year through his own folly. His thoughts dwelt on Nurmi, who was hailed the champion, but only in the absence of Legs McGill mark you. He could, and had, beaten Nurmi's time for the race. He could have been a world-beater like Nurmi, he thought, but without bitterness now.

The change came as gradually as a nightfall in summer, but it was as certain. He was still covering the ground as well as ever, but a dullness was beginning to creep up his legs.

Fatigue, like a playful tiger, pounced on him and shook him; for a few strides he veered about drunkenly as if no power on earth could save him from a fall. But the stricken machine righted itself, came under control, went on. He woke up long enough to growl a savage reproof at himself, but its effect was transitory; the curtains slid down over his mind again, and he was loping along in the thin moonlight like some unthinking mechanism.

And in that darkness he came gradually to realise that there was another runner just ahead—a wiry young man in running shorts and singlet, travelling at his own pace, and a constant ten feet in advance. Drugged with fatigue, Legs didn't find anything strange in that circumstance; he accepted it without question. He was seeing the other runner for the first time, but in some strange way he knew that he had been aware of his presence all along.

This fellow was a pretty good shape of a trackman, too, ticking away in front. Nice mover, sort of rubbery—a good, clean action, no embroidery, no waste, just a running machine. Legs wasn't sure whether he liked the way the arms were held, but—

What was the matter with him? Those arms—that action! Hadn't he watched it on the newsreels until he could see it in his sleep? Nurmi's action. Everything about it was Nurmi's, but in particular the forearms, held level, and pistoning smoothly back and forth. The shoulders carried a bit high, almost hunched—you couldn't mistake that style in a million years.

It was Nurmi himself. It was Nurmi, the bloke who took the honors Legs McGill should have earned at the Paris Games, pacing it out smoothly away, out there in front.

So now they were down to it at last. Down to tin-tacks, and the best man to win. The spur of competition—

"All right—we'll see!" Legs McGill's teeth gritted together briefly.

His sagging frame straightened, and he came to attention like a dog on a fresh scent. The resiliency came back into his legs. Recognition of the figure in front was better than a whiff of oxygen to him.

And then began a long and bitter duel, a tug-of-war which seemed to go on for years, for centuries. Legs McGill felt that he had been following that trim back, those active legs, from before the beginning of memory. He could make little impression on Nurmi's lead. Sometimes he thought that he made up a yard or two, and then, after an interval, he would be back again, battling to keep his place. But there was grim enjoyment in it, the fierce delight of running on even terms against a major performer. Legs McGill ran with a zest he had hardly known in his happiest days.

Nurmi's back fascinated him; it seemed to draw him forward as if he were in the grip of some overwhelming magnetic power. That white-clad back was the sun and centre of his world; nothing else existed. There were only Nurmi and himself, running, running, running.

So it went on, interminably. It went on through an age of effort, of dawning and waning hopes, of advantages lost and recovered—an endless film unrolling down the years.

And then, with a shock, Legs McGill seemed to wake. He felt as if his head had broken the surface of dark waters. In a vanishing mist, Nurmi's back faded and elongated, became a line of moonlight on the damp sands. It was nothing more, he realised, than the shimmering band he had been following all along. Not Nurmi's back at all; just a hallucination, born of the monotony and fatigue.

He made another, an alarming, discovery. He was standing still. And at once he flew into a panic... Had he been running all the time he had been dreaming of Nurmi? Or had that just been part of the dream, too, along with the phantom Nurmi, while he had been standing in the one place, asleep on his feet like a weary horse?

He couldn't tell. There was no way of telling, until he looked despairingly about him and saw a light —a remarkable bluish light at which he stared without comprehension for a space. Then the truth flashed upon him. It was a street light, with the dimmed blue bulb of the blackout.

He had left the blackout out of his plans. It wasn't surprising, then, that he had missed the lights of Mordurawaay until he had landed almost under them. He looked at the watch on his wrist. Ten past eleven.

His heart gave a buoyant bounce. A man might do it yet! Nurmi must have dragged him along a fair treat over that last stretch! He began to run. His legs were incredibly shaky, he noticed.

His luck was in. Twenty yards down the first street he came to, a youth was just turning a bike and sidecar into a driveway. Legs McGill stopped him.

"Look, sport—this is life and death. Can you get me to the railway station by a quarter past?"

"Easy," the driver said. "But what——"

"Legs McGill got into the side-car. "I'll give you the yarn as we go along," he panted. "You just stick the spurs in, son."

The bike started. He'd done it! Paced by ghosts or not, he'd lasted the distance, beaten the clock. He leaned back, still dizzy with exhaustion. He knew that he'd feel half-dead for a week, but—he'd done it.

Behind him, back there on the beach, the surf still boomed its long tremulous thunder. To his tired mind it sounded like a roar of applause. It was a sound such as the crowd at the Colombes Stadium might have made on that forgotten July day nearly twenty years before.

(Copyright)

Be the one HE adores

Have that Tangee "Petal-Finish" look

The new beauty of petal-smooth lips with fresh, vivid color can be yours with Tangee's "Petal-Finish" Lipsticks. Your loveliness will be complete with Tangee "Petal-Finish" Rouge and Face Powder that stay and stay and stay.

Use Tangee and see how beautiful You can be.

Lipsticks · Rouge · Face Powder

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FORD PILLS
are different

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FORD PILLS

contain the concentrated extract of bitter apples and give you the natural laxative properties of fruit.

Get Ford Pills in unbreakable tubes . . 2/6 at your nearest chemist or store.

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Designed to accent beauty

THE plea by women for luxury clothes again is being quickly answered by American designers . . .

They are looking backward as well as forward for inspiration, and in the two pictures below can be seen exciting examples of Edwardian fashions and those of 1945. Both could be worn to-day, and make a perfect frame for beauty.

★ ★ ★

In the top picture the exquisite shell-pink satin and chiffon frock and its chartreuse chiffon wrap were designed for Gypsy Rose Lee to wear in "Belle of the Yukon," an Edwardian era film. The delicate combination of pink and green makes a lovely foil for Gypsy's brunette coloring and her hair piled high with a coronet of curls.

For a 1945 film a Hollywood designer suggested a flattering lame gown for blonde Marie McDonald. Strapless again and built on modified Edwardian lines, the ice-blue and silver lame frock is softened on the shoulderline with a huge cyclamen rose.

A wrap of cyclamen lame makes the color contrast complete. Her blonde hair is arranged in simple, pompadour style, and jewellery is regarded as superfluous.

● *GYPSY ROSE LEE (above), stunning brunette, film actress, and writer of two best-seller detective novels, is the star of RKO's forthcoming release, "Belle of the Yukon," a comedy-drama of the gold-rush days.*

● *MARIE McDONALD, beautiful blonde and former model, known in Hollywood as "The Body," is progressing well as an actress. Her next film will be "Young Widow," for United Artists. She is the wife of agent Victor Orsatti.*

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CARTOONS OF LIFE IN PRISON CAMPS

"Good on yer, Dig.".

• "I say, old man, the dry leaves smoke better than the green."

• "It's all right, Orderly. Mr. Peabody and I are having a little celebration to-night."

THE cartoons on these pages were drawn in Changi Gaol, Singapore, by Gunner George Sprod. Some of them are from the magazine "Smoke-oh," which he produced while a prisoner.

He exhibited them aboard ship on his way home under the title, "The Blokes That Missed the Ferry."

Gunner's work in hand-made magazine helped amuse his mates in Malaya

TWO worn and well-read hand-made magazines have been brought back to Australia from Singapore by Gunner George Sprod, their editor, chief contributor, and publisher.

They are the January and February issues of "Smoke-oh," and the drawings reproduced give you some idea of the kind of humor in them that kept Australians from losing heart.

What they cannot give you is the smell of tropic mildew on the little books; the stains from the sump-oil that provided the light for assembling the typewritten, illustrated pages.

These volumes, in their writing, illustrating, and decoration are a first-class job by any standard.

Their production makes them a curio which may well find its way to the War Museum.

They were typewritten on a rickety machine whose three-year-old ribbon was doctored again and again with indelible pencil.

The paper was bought on the black market by George Sprod at ten cents a sheet. He used scrounged Chinese paintbrushes and children's crayons for the cartoons and decorations.

Read by thousands

THE binding is blackout paper, and the books passed through thousands of hands in their lifetime in the Changi Gaol library.

Sprod, now 26, enlisted at 20. He was a gunner in the 2/15 Field Regiment. Before the war he did free-lance art work in Sydney.

The two volumes of "Smoke-oh" which he brought back were his fourth venture in camp "newspapers" during his imprisonment.

First was "Narrominded News," a hand-written and illustrated sheet which he and a mate produced at Bukit Timah in 1942 when they were working on a Jap war memorial.

They chose the name as a joke on Cliff Whitelocke, of the "Narromine

• "I've a complaint here, Pte. Smiggins. They tell me there was only one handkerchief in the camp, and you've used it to patch your pants."

• Cover of the second issue of "Smoke-oh," which was the February, 1945, number, hence the three candles on the cake.

• "That there Nip's a braing bloke. He talks English nearly as good as us."

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● *"Fag-ends in the porridge, eh? So what?"*

● *"Gee, I wish it was full of beer." "Don't be silly. We haven't got any glasses."*

● *"So seein' as it's only a rice pudding, sir, I thought I'd pep it up with a little dieseline."*

(N.S.W.) News," who was with them at the time.

The two co-editors, toiling along, one on each handle of a basket of earth, used to hold their "editorial conferences" as they worked.

On rest days they wrote and illustrated it, and posted it on a camp board.

It featured camp gossip, skits on officers, and items about frog-racing, a popular sport.

Ten issues of "Narrominded News" were "published" from September, 1942, until Christmas.

Next was "Nuts and Jolts," also handwritten and illustrated when Sprod was a night orderly at Kanburi Hospital Camp in Siam in 1943.

"Major Marsden, M.O. of the camp, asked me to do it to amuse the patients," said Sprod.

"I made it as light as possible. The idea was to prevent men from dropping their bundle—not that Australian morale often failed.

Japs touchy

"BUT it was a terrible camp. It was situated in a disused paddy field. There was no water except when it rained, and then the place was flooded out."

Sprod's night-time job was in the isolation ward. Often he had to carry out bodies of men who had died.

In the daytime he worked on "Nuts and Jolts," which was passed round on a board to the patients.

"We had three issues of that," said Sprod. "It often had to be hidden, for the Nips are very suspicious of any written matter."

Because of the Japs' touchiness few of Sprod's jokes feature them.

"Apart from the fact that I didn't want to cop a bashing myself," said Sprod, "a joke against the Nips could cause them to put a camp on half rations."

Back in Changi, Sprod founded "Exile," working on it with Ronald Searle, of the English magazine "Lilliput."

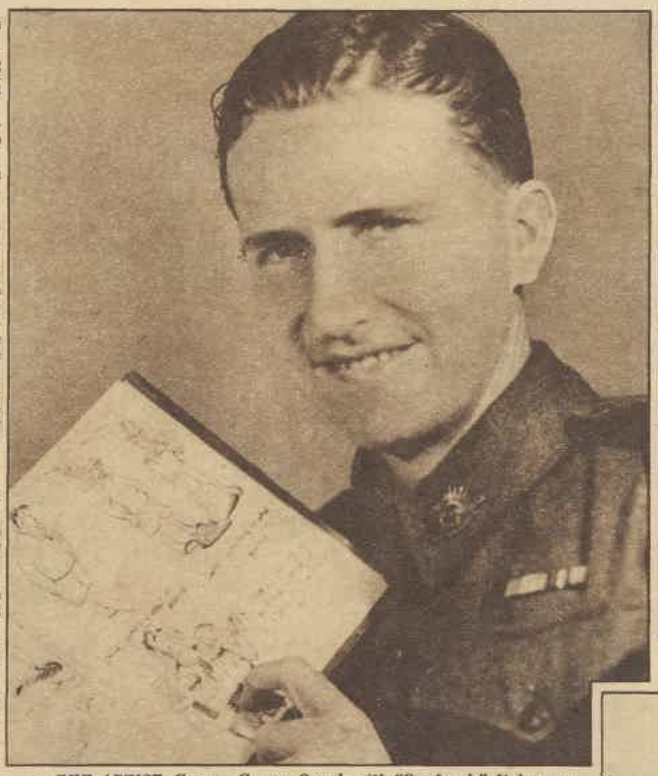
Later they dissolved partnership when Sprod felt he would like to produce a magazine with a really Australian character.

He began "Smoke-oh" early this year.

"I was then working in the Changi Library repairing books, so I had time to make it more elaborate than the others," he said.

"But after two issues I was put to work on the tunnels which the Japs were getting ready for shelter in the expected invasion.

"I was too tired then to do any more magazine work. Still, we had some satisfaction in building those tunnels to last till we finished them, no longer. They have all caved in by now."



● *THE ARTIST, Gunner George Sprod, with "Smoke-oh." It is open at "Old Songs Resung," showing his drawings for "There's Something About a Soldier."*

The two volumes contain some drawings by A. E. G. West, of Melbourne, and Fred Brightfield, who was a drummer in an A.I.F. concert party.

Although written for Australians, the contributors included an Englishman, who was also the typist, and a Dutch Jew.

But the majority of the work is Sprod's own, which includes short stories, verse, articles, and accounts of the shows put on by prisoners.

"Not criticism," he explains. "I didn't think criticism was a fair go when the blokes did a wonderful job under difficulties. Besides, we didn't pay for admission."

Frontispiece of the first volume was a snapshot of Woolloomooloo Bay, which he had kept through three years of imprisonment.

That harking back to the homeland is an ever-recurring theme through the books.

It is there in "A Stroll Through King's Cross" (written by Sprod under the pen-name "Kirribilli"); in another of his describing a famous hotel bar; in Cliff Whitelocke's "I Write for the Local Rag"; in an article on wool-classing.

Sprod's foreword to the first volume summed up that spirit.

He wrote:

"The title 'Smoke-oh' was not selected without reason. It is a word that brings a peculiar pleasure to Australian ears, a recollection of happy hours, and the indelible memory of a distant but well-beloved land."

● *"Surely you recall, Stanhope, that we agreed to have a formal mess to-night."*

● *"Maybe we did make a mistake—drinking the spirit out of his spirit-level."*

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WORTH Reporting

THE Editor of The Australian Women's Weekly (Mrs. Alice Jackson), who recently returned from New York, says that a favorite pastime of New Yorkers is watching the construction of new buildings.

One building under construction on Fifth Avenue was well boarded up, but there were small windows in the sides marked "For Sidewalk Superintendents."

Lower down in the walls were more small windows bearing the sign "For Lilliputian Sidewalk Superintendents."

Home again

AFTER six years' absence the pictures have been returned to the National Art Gallery, cables our London office.

During the war they have been hidden in deep, well-lit, air-conditioned caves in Wales. Not one was damaged, but many were improved, because while they were hidden an opportunity was found to clean them.

The removal of dirt and old varnish has revealed wonderful colors which have retained their depth and brilliance for years.

Throughout the war years one picture a month was brought back from Wales and shown in the gallery's foyer.

For the first time the work of contemporary artists was shown in the galleries. In the rooms marked "Dutch" or "Venetian" School were seen war paintings.

That, however, was purely a wartime measure, and now that the war is over living artists won't be exhibited there again. An artist has to be dead for more than 75 years before his works are hung in the gallery.

★ ★ ★

BUSIEST section at the Showground Camp, Sydney, is the Demobilisation and Repatriation Depot.

In the last few weeks the P.M.G.'s Department has installed a switchboard with 250 extensions. This will eventually be increased to 400.

Misguided

SOME American soldiers on leave in London were being escorted over the city on a sightseeing tour.

"This church, unfortunately damaged during the blitz, is a Wren church," explained the guide.

"This also is a Wren church," he said a little later.

And coming to another fine building he pointed out yet another fine example of Wren architecture.

"Say," said one of the Americans, "don't the Waafs and Ats say their prayers?"

Life in Paris

"A GALA day for us in Paris happened this week, when there were barrows of green vegetables, fruit and tomatoes to be seen in the street," writes Miss Virginia Cheriton to her sister, Miss Jean Cheriton, of Sydney.

"There was also wonderful poultry, but the price was too high for most of us.

"Talking of poultry, it was recently announced that poultry would be for sale instead of meat.

"Hundreds of women were queued up for hours and when they heard the price that was being asked for poultry they broke the queue and diving into the shop forcibly helped themselves.

"The butcher had to call the police to restore order, but not before his shop was empty of all merchandise."

SHADOW-SPARRING

THE speeches that one makes at night,
Moved by a burning sense of right,
To absent enemies and friends
On whom one's bottled wrath descends,
Are pearls of wit and clarity,
And quite devoid of charity.
But none can hear, so none can tell—
Which, on the whole, is just as well.

—DOROTHY DRAIN.

A LUXURIOUS Packard car pulled up in Summer St., Orange, N.S.W., and owner-driver Mr. John Sharpe sprang out to open the door.

Passers-by stopped to see what notability was about to alight.

From the rear seat stepped daintily a Shetland pony.

Mr. Sharpe carried his passenger into Perry's saddlery to be fitted for bridle and saddle, returned him to the car, and drove off home.

Hands across the sea

AN Adelaide woman recently received a letter from an old friend in England enclosing a small quantity of tea. The kindly friend wrote:

"As tea is so scarce now I thought this teaspoonful would be useful. Sorry I can't spare more."

Considerably moved by the spirit behind what was a very great sacrifice, the South Australian immediately parcelled up a pound of tea and sent it to her English friend.

Record war cargo

ONE of the first ships to bring vitally needed planes to Australia from America during the first dangerous months of the Japanese war, the Swedish freighter, Goonawarra, discharged her last war cargo in an Australian port recently.

On the final voyage it carried 34 fighter planes, Mustangs.

The superb seamanship of the ship's captain, tall, blue-eyed Captain Robert Kutschbach, of Goteborg, Sweden, was responsible for the remarkable number of planes which the ship was able to carry on each of its 19 wartime voyages to Australia.

Captain Kutschbach evolved the idea of building wooden superstructures of 13ft. above deck level, forward and aft.

On this superstructure were placed the planes, usually 14 forward and 20 aft.

Underneath the wooden platforms 24 amphibious ducks were stowed, while in the ship's holds were other war materials.

When the ship was loaded in this fashion the planes reached up above the bridge, and so a temporary bridge was constructed on top of the charthouse.

The record load of planes which the ship brought out was in 1942, when 15 bombers and 15 fighters were carried. The huge crates containing the wings were piled on the deck also.

THE LITTLE SCOUTS

"We finally located a good spot to pitch our tents for the night."

Fine feathers

AN English correspondent reports it is quite simple to pick out demobilised men.

"Among the shabby civilians they are models of sartorial elegance," he writes.

"The popular choice for men when they leave the Services is grey flannel trousers and a natty sports coat.

"There is hardly a civilian man in the country who, in the last five years, has had new grey flannel trousers and a new sports coat at the same time, and the effect of all these new clothes is quite dazzling," he adds.

Searching job

THE Australian P.O.W. Contact and Inquiry Unit—comprising 26 officers and 26 other ranks — has interrogated 2500 Australians and 12,500 Britishers since arriving in Japan shortly after the occupation, cables our correspondent, Lorraine Streeter, from Tokio.

The unit has worked unceasingly searching for missing men in camps in Japan, Korea, and Manchuria.

It endeavors to trace missing dead and all its records are sent to U.S. War Crimes Commission.

Heading the unit is Lieutenant D.

"All right, wise guy, get back in step."

L. Christison, son of Brigadier Christison, of Melbourne, who volunteered for job on arriving back in Australia after four years in German prison camp.

He had only four days' leave in Australia before going to Japan with unit.

As contact officer, he will remain in Japan until last Australian prisoner is traced.

★ ★ ★

WE like the expressive charlady, who, on returning to work after a bout of illness, told us:

"I 'aven't ever known a time when I've been 'ad done such a lot of good to."

Chasing butterflies

BRITAIN'S former Prime Minister, Mr. Churchill, who celebrates his 71st birthday on St. Andrew's Day (November 30), has at last enough leisure to continue his hobby of collecting butterflies.

Consequently his head gardener at Chartwell (Kent), the Churchills' country home, has been instructed to plant just the sort of flowers that butterflies like.

Had a word for it

IT'S curious how sometimes insignificant happenings can bestow immortality on the spoken or written word.

For instance, in 1670 "an interested reader" of the "Oxford Gazette," when writing to the editor, Charles Perrot, used the term "newspaper" for the first time on record.

His letter, written in the quaint language of the period, read: "I wanted your newes paper Monday last post."

Asthma Curbed in 3 Minutes

Since the discovery of Mendaco by a famous physician sufferers can get relief from Asthma. Mendaco does away with expensive injections and offensive smokes. All you do is to take 2 tasteless tablets with meals and Mendaco starts circulating through the blood in 10 minutes. You breathe easily and freely. Your nerves relax, you get good, fresh, pure air into your lungs, and vigour returns.

Sleep Like a Baby

Thousands of former sufferers from Asthma say that the very first dose of Mendaco brought them glorious ease and comfort, and that they slept soundly the very first night. Then their vigour returned, and they felt healthier and stronger, and 5 to 10 years younger. The reason for this is that Mendaco acts in natural ways to overcome the effects of Asthma. (1) It removes the mucus of phlegm; (2) It relaxes thousands of tiny muscles in your bronchial tubes so that the air can get in and out of your lungs; (3) It promotes body vigour, and stimulates the building of rich, revitalised blood.

No Asthma for Five Years

Mendaco not only brings almost immediate results, free breathing and comfort and enables you to sleep, but also builds up the system to ward off future attacks. Mr. J.R. writes: "I was almost dead with Asthma. Had lost 40 lbs. in weight, suffered coughing every night—couldn't sleep. Mendaco stopped spasms first night, and I have had no Asthma since in over 3 years." Mrs. A.W. writes: "I had Asthma for 25 years. After using Mendaco I can sleep all night and have not had an attack since taking it." Mrs. G.E.C. writes: "I bless the day I first heard of Mendaco. What a godsend it is to a poor woman like me who for 35 years never knew what it was to have a good night's rest. The constant fight between Asthma and sleep was wearing me down, but I feel now I want to forget my past suffering."

Benefits Immediate

The very first dose of Mendaco goes right to work circulating through your blood and helping nature relieve you of the effects of Asthma. Try Mendaco under an iron-clad money back guarantee. You be the judge. If you don't feel fully satisfied after taking Mendaco just return the package and the purchase price will be refunded. Get Mendaco from your chemist to-day and see how well you sleep to-night and how much better you will feel.

RELIEVES ASTHMA
Mendaco
Now in 2 sizes . . . 6/- and 12/-.

BURNING, ACHING FEET

The pain and discomfort of tired inflamed feet are the lot of thousands to-day. Whether in the Services, in a hospital, a workshop or the home, get the relief and comfortable ease which Iodex gives to aching, burning feet. Iodex rapidly reduces inflammation and helps restore sinews and muscles to normal.

FROM YOUR CHEMIST, 2/-

IODEX
NO-STAIN IODINE

TRY THIS FOR SORE FEET: Soak in hot soapy water for 10 minutes and dry well. Then gently rub Iodex in thoroughly.

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Put your best face forward . . .

You are never lovelier than when you seem entirely natural, and Yardley know so well that looking natural is one of the subtlest arts. So, of course, you should always ask for "Yardley's."

They appear in war-time packings nowadays, and you may have to search a little for them. But they still have all the qualities you know and trust.

★ BOND STREET COMPLEXION POWDER, 4/4

★ ENGLISH COMPLEXION CREAM, 6/4

★ LAVENDER SOAP, large tablets, 1/10

★ LIPSTICK, 3/5

★ YARDLEY'S LAVENDER, 3/5 to 17/3

"No one else can do your share in the Fourth Victory Loan."

Yardley
of London

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Fighting padre was 'Happy Harry' to the troops

PADRE "HAPPY HARRY" THORPE says good-bye to some of the 8th Division men he came home with. Left to Right: Sgt. R. Hamilton, Sapper E. Manners, Sgt. R. W. Hall, Padre Thorpe, Sgt. W. N. Martin.

THE FIGHTING PADRE, Harry Thorpe, a Church of England minister, who enlisted as a private and became chaplain in Changi Camp.

Japanese smashed his altars but could not destroy his work

By VICKI ANDERSON

Aboard the Moreton Bay, as it docked in Sydney Harbor with 500 prisoners of war, a tall, lean young Army chaplain in corporal's uniform waved a flag, cheered and whooped with every ferry's cock-a-doodle-do, and beamed at everybody and everything in sight.

"What did I tell you, boys!" he boomed at a group of ex-prisoners round him. "Boy, oh boy, listen to those ferries."

"BLIMEY. Take it easy, Padre," a tough A.I.F. sergeant put in solicitously, "or you'll be over the side."

"That's our Fighting Padre — 'Happy Harry' Thorpe in typical mood," one of the boys said to me.

"Get a load of the beam on his dial. Anyone would think he'd arranged all this personally with God." Then, with a thoughtful air, he added: "Maybe he did, too.

"I can see him now in g-string or ragged shorts, moving among dying Aussies in jungle camps and giving them the will to live by telling them of the day they'd sail home to Sydney Harbor.

"He was so convincing we could see every bit of the Harbor—the Bridge, the ships, and darn it all!—even the Manly ferry."

With not much co-operation from the padre, but enthusiastic help from the boys, the story of the "Fighting Padre of Thailand," NX44915 Corporal H. R. B. Thorpe, of Woy Woy, is pieced together.

It is the story of a man who gave sick and starving men a faith in God, in life, in themselves, or whatever you like to call it, even as they watched the bodies of hundreds of their mates being piled into cholera death pits; of a man whose influence Japanese guards sought to destroy, by smashing crudely built altars, forbidding his services, gaoling and brutally punishing him.

"Often the padre would sneak out of the main camp to visit the boys in jungle hell-holes farther up the line," said Bombardier Jim Keenan, of Mackay.

"He was caught once, and the Japs decided to punish him by making him stand for three days.

"However, thanks to the intervention of 'Australia Joe,' a Korean guard, who was a Christian, and a pretty all right sort of guy, as you'll guess from the name we dubbed him—the punishment was changed.

"Happy Harry was ordered to cut down a giant of a tree and carry it away in small pieces.

"If the boys had left Harry to it, he'd still have been cutting down that tree.

"Instead, when the Japs weren't looking a group of British Sherwood Foresters shouldered axes, said, 'Padre, we're at your service,' and the tree disappeared from the landscape in a flash.

"Amazed at Harry's prowess, the Japs selected another tree, and another, and then—fortunately for the physically weak Foresters—gave up.

"Happy Harry took bashings with the rest of us and still came up smiling. He used to buoy us up with 'When they bash us they're scared of us, and it means we're the masters, not they.'"

Resident rector of Milthorpe (N.S.W.) Church of England at the outbreak of war, the 33-year-old "Fighting Padre" enlisted as a private in the 2/1st Pioneers.

He sailed from Australia as a corporal with the 2/29th, and took part in the fighting at Singapore.

He acted as chaplain at Changi Gaol, and in March, 1943, left with a force of 5000 British and Australian prisoners of war for Thailand, for the building of the railroad.

Wonderful team

IT is here in the jungle prisoner-of war camp hospitals at Tamuran, Taraho, and Tonchin that his work becomes imperishably allied with that of Lieut.-Colonel Ernest Dunlop, Victorian surgeon, whose magnificent care of sick and dying won him the title of "King of the River," and Dunlop's physician, Major Ewan Corlette.

"What could the Japs do against the faith of thousands of men in a surgeon like Dunlop, a physician like Corlette, and a padre like Thorpe?" said Gunner Les Collins, of Brisbane.

"We never quite knew where one left off and the other started—Dunlop and Corlette with their medical miracles, "Happy Harry" with his own special brand of miracle—like his Mother's Day miracle.

"Only the boys themselves and their mothers will appreciate this picture, but it's one I'll never forget.

"It's Harry sitting up late the night before Mother's Day cutting hundreds of white paper flowers, and the boys marching off next morning for work on the 'Death Railway'—their steps a little bit more jaunty than yesterday, because of a white paper flower tucked in their hats."

"Harry made us celebrate any and every Australian day, and when he ran out of calendar events, he invented 'em," said another lad.

"He tied us so much to the past and future that the present was unimportant.

"At Christmas last year—we still don't know how he did it—he found a present for every one of 1500 men, from a piece of fruit to 15 loincloths cut, designed, and sewn personally by him from his treasured last robe, a beautiful white linen cassock," said Bombardier Jim Keenan.

"Harry had the Japs bamboozled at the huge attendance at his services.

"They were sure he was getting out secret information, and they tried cutting out the services, posting Jap interpreters at them, smashing the altars the boys had built.

"On the fifth anniversary of the outbreak of war, 1700 boys at Tonchin stood two hours in the broiling sun, waiting for the Japs to permit Harry to go on with the service.

"Harry's sermons were practical down-to-earth stuff.

"I guess they'd sound pretty crazy by parish standards. They were all mixed up with cracks at the Japs, songs, jokes, and—on the serious side—camp parables and hymns, and, as far as we could manage it, the traditional rites of the church.

"The boys loved all the old favorite hymns — 'Abide With Me,' 'Onward, Christian Soldiers'—but the one they always began and ended with was 'Fight the Good Fight.'"

I cornered the Fighting Padre as he farewelled the boys and made off down the gangplank to his long-awaited reunion with his 83-year-old mother.

He spoke enthusiastically of the boys, his proud association with them, their incredible resilience and courage, his former colleagues, Dunlop and Corlette, but good-humoredly dodged the Fighting Padre angle.

I watched P.O.W.s grab his kit and pull him aboard a bus on the wharf, and knew that, as Dunlop himself had said, "The Fighting Padre had indeed won a lasting and special place in the hearts and memories of his associates, irrespective of rank, race, and creed."

Erasing horror from Belsen by work of mercy

Radioed by HAZEL JACKSON of our London staff

The taint of evil is being erased from Belsen.

Where once the horrors of the Nazi regime had full licence, the work of mercy is going forward.

THE old Belsen hospital, one of the worst horrors of this camp, has been burnt to the ground.

In the new hospital, formerly used for members of a panzer division quartered in the neighborhood, a team of UNRRA workers is repairing the ravages of the Nazis, healing minds and bodies broken by the "master race."

The present matron of Belsen Hospital is an Australian, Matron Muriel K. Doherty, Sydney. Formerly a member of the R.A.A.F. Nursing Service, Matron Doherty left Australia in May, 1945, to work with UNRRA in Europe.

As matron in charge of the Belsen Hospital, Matron Doherty controls a staff of 13 UNRRA nurses, 10 Latvian nurses, and 134 German nurses.

Since the majority of the patients do not speak English, language difficulties were alarming, but the problem was solved when Matron Doherty obtained her own interpreter, Irma Scholmer, a Hungarian girl, whose mother died in Belsen concentration camp, and whose father has disappeared.

Irma's father once had a sanatorium in Berlin, so her knowledge of medical terms, in addition to her perfect English, makes her an invaluable personal clerk and interpreter.

The difficulties of dealing with German and Latvian nurses have been solved by placing each group under a matron of its own nationality, who takes her orders from Matron Doherty.

The UNRRA nurses act as supervisors. They are of all nationalities—Dutch, Belgian, French, English, Scottish, Canadian. There are three Australian girls, Sister Doris Delaney, Sister Valentine (N.S.W.), and Sister Vera Haughton (Vic.).

There are also two Australian women doctors, Phyllis Tewaley, Melbourne, and Leslie Bidstrup, Adelaide.

Untidy wards

THERE are still some of the original Belsen internees in the hospital. In addition to this the hospital cares for any displaced persons awaiting return to their own countries.

"The hospital is run on the lines of any big general hospital," said Miss Doherty, "but it is very far from being a normal hospital.

"Most matrons would be horrified at the state of the wards.

"There are clothes all over the place. We are trying to do something about that by making bags for them out of the blackout curtains, but the patients all have their few personal possessions within easy reach.

"You see, these people are definitely not normal patients. For so long they have been living under strict discipline as slave laborers and worse.

"We simply must allow them as much individuality as possible, and do our best to reassure them.

"We still find them hoarding food, but there is not so much of that now. They love flowers and decorations, and the tops of the lockers are strewn with mats and embroidery wherever possible.

MATRON MURIEL DOHERTY

"The gipsies particularly love to spread flowers and leaves round their beds."

Nothing in the hospital is compulsory. The patients are not even forced to attend clinics, where both hospital patients and the inmates of the camp are cared for.

For a long time mothers were afraid to leave their children at the hospital for treatment, but now they are bringing the children in quite happily themselves.

Talking of the children, one casual sentence sharply emphasised the problem of the lost children.

"Peter is a lovely baby. Someone said they thought he was a Russian, but, of course, we can't really tell."

Miss Doherty is very pleased with the condition of the patients, and proud of the fact that they have managed to avoid any big epidemics.

Exactly six years from the day she was called up for the nursing service Matron Doherty attended an investiture at Buckingham Palace to receive the Royal Red Cross, which she was awarded in the last New Year's Honors list.

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Editorial

NOVEMBER 17, 1945

OUTBREAK OF CRIME

THE outbreak of violent crime in Australian cities is part of a world-wide burst of lawlessness.

From Britain and France come reports of crime waves, from Chicago news that that city is in danger of getting back its bad old name.

All this is an inevitable aftermath of the war, which dislocated the whole life and economy of the world.

War produces great heroism and great sacrifices. It also gives first-class opportunity to bad elements in a community, who batten on the weaker citizens with black markets and racketeering.

The control of crime is a matter for the police—who, incidentally, cannot do a good job if they are hampered in their duty as they were recently in Sydney by irresponsible onlookers.

But the origin of it is a matter of public concern.

One aspect with which women are directly concerned is juvenile delinquency.

In wartime young people, deprived of parental control, housed in overcrowded slums, and seeing opportunities for easy money, were led into delinquency.

From to-day's delinquents come to-morrow's criminals.

Better educational and recreational facilities for young people and more trained adults to cope with problem boys and girls could help stamp out criminal tendencies at their source.

Such measures are not by any means the whole solution. But they are an important part of the job of building a new and better world.

FINAL PARADE of 460 Squadron, R.A.A.F., being inspected by Air Vice-Marshal Wrigley, followed by S/Ldr. Frank Lawrence, the commanding officer (W/Cdr. Peter Swan), and senior R.A.F. officers.

Famous squadron disbands, but its legend remains

By HAZEL JACKSON of our London staff.

At the dispersal point, the tall young commanding officer grinned at his squadron. "Righto boys, last halt for the squadron!"

A sharp order, a clash of boots, a smart salute, and Squadron 460, R.A.A.F., had taken the first step on the road home.

FORMED in November, 1941, "460" is the senior R.A.A.F. squadron in Bomber Command. Now, its job is completed, and at an R.A.F. station in Lincolnshire the squadron was disbanded.

Giant Lancasters, looming through the fog like prehistoric monsters, formed a surrealistic backdrop for the final parade. The whole station turned out in honor of the squadron.

To the strains of "Advance Australia" from the R.A.F. band, the air officer commanding R.A.A.F. overseas headquarters, Air Vice-Marshal H. N. Wrigley, C.B.E., D.F.C., A.F.C., accompanied by the commanding officer of the squadron, W/Cdr. Peter Swan, D.S.O., D.F.C., and Bar, and senior officers of the R.A.F. moved slowly through the ranks.

There were plenty of highly decorated men in those ranks. Since it was formed, the squadron has won four D.S.O.s, one C.G.M., 216 D.F.C.s, and seven Bars to D.F.C., one D.C.M., and 100 D.F.M.s.

Following the inspection, the commanding officer of the station, Group-Captain Carey, read a brief summary of the squadron's record. And a most impressive record it is.

It has taken part in all the major bombing operations over Italy, Germany, and France, first in Wellingtons, later in Lancasters. It formed part of both the famous "thousand bomber raids" of 1942; made 6264 sorties; has dropped 34,856 tons of bombs; and has flown 4,788,582 operational miles.

After a brief address by the base commander and Air Vice-Marshal Wrigley, the parade moved off past the saluting base, and the long line of blue and grey vanished into the fog.

I could not quite believe that I had seen that parade. For so long we in Australia had read about the exploits of these men and thrilled to the news of them that the squadron had almost attained the impersonality of a legend.

Now I had watched the completion of the legend. With their aircraft round them they had said their farewell, and then, like the knights of King Arthur, the fog swallowed them.

The men from the squadron will go their separate ways, but the legend remains.

The commanding officer took me round after lunch to the sergeants' mess, and I met some of the lads. These were the crews of the bombers and they told me that the ground staff had already been posted away from the squadron.

Fine reputation

STANDING among the remains of the decorations from their farewell dance they spoke of the ground crew and the way they had helped to make the fine reputation of the squadron. They spoke of the records of serviceability of aircraft those men had maintained, usually under the most difficult conditions.

It was some time before they would talk about themselves.

"We're pretty new," they said, but they have all been in England at least 18 months.

Among them were Warrant-Officers Doug Sandridge, Cooee, N.S.W.; Ian Henderson, Box Hill, Vic.; F/Sgts. Harold Brown, Condobolin, N.S.W.; Peter Rudder, Rose Bay, N.S.W.; John Marshall, Canberra; John MacGibbon, Leichhardt, N.S.W.; Brydon Porteous, North Perth; and Eric Davey, Bundalong, Vic., who is engaged to a member of the W.R.E.N.S., now in Germany.

That night, at a dance held in the officers' mess to farewell the squadron's officers, I met some of the "old hands."

The C.O., Wing-Commander Swan, Brighton Beach, Vic., left Australia in January, 1941, and has spent four years in England. S/Ldr. Frank Lawrence, D.F.M., Maryborough, Qld., has done two operational tours with the squadron, and has been away from Australia three and a half years.

F/Lt. Keith Giles, Sydney, has been away four years. F/Lt. Wal Cooper, Melbourne, has spent four and a half years away and has married an English girl.

F/Lt. Fred Page, D.F.C., whose wife lives at Collaroy, N.S.W., has been away two and a half years, and F/O. Keith Heller, M.B.E., Melbourne, has been away four years.

Among the guests for the evening were two former members of the squadron. W/Cdr. Tony Willis, D.F.C., D.F.M., who commanded the squadron for three months, and S/Ldr. Bill McFadden, D.F.M., Gympie, Qld.

W.A.A.F. officers who have worked with these men, girls in evening dress who have danced with them since they have been in England, R.A.F. men who have fought beside them, combined to give them a happy send-off.

The R.A.A.F. seem sorry to say good-bye to the many friends they have made over here, but the magic words, "home for Christmas," have provided an undercurrent of excitement for days.

The disbandment of "460" means more than the fact that these men are going home. A squadron is not just the men who fly the planes, or even the men who happen to be posted there at any one time.

It is all the men who have ever served there, and all the things they stand for—courage, good fellowship, hard, dogged work — built into a structure greater than them all.

The reputation of this squadron stands as a symbol of all that Australians have done in this war.

Some of them did not live to see the finish.

As one man said to me, referring to a well-deserved D.F.C., "This belongs to five other blokes."

The disbandment of "460" means that the task all those "other blokes" were helping with is finished with honor. The world is free to go forward to new things, and—the boys are coming home!

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY . . . *By Wep.*

Interesting People

CAPT. H. J. BUCHANAN, R.A.N.

. . . shore appointment

NEWLY appointed Deputy Chief of Naval Staff, Navy Office, Melbourne, Captain H. J. Buchanan, D.S.O., R.A.N., returned recently from Japan, where he led British Pacific Fleet's occupation forces ashore in Tokio Bay. Was formerly in command of H.M.A.S. Napier, leader of 7th Destroyer Flotilla, with British Pacific Fleet. He also served at Dunkirk and off Belgian, Dutch, and French coasts.

MRS. V. C. HOLYMAN

. . . air hostesses

AIR hostess superintendent, Australian National Airways, Mrs. V. C. Holyman has charge of training of the eighty air hostesses now employed by company. Mrs. Holyman prepares syllabus of training, checks the work, interviews all candidates. Trained at airports in England, Holland, U.S.A.

MAJOR A. G. LOWNDES

. . . UNRRA in China

SYDNEY-BORN Major Arthur G. Lowndes has been appointed liaison officer with UNRRA in China, with headquarters in Chungking. As member of A.M.F. he served in Buna and Wau. Before war was rural economist with Bank of New South Wales. Is Master of Science, Sydney University, and graduate of Cambridge. Varied career includes schoolteaching in Sydney, investigating irrigation and soil erosion in Morocco and Algeria, studying production of export beef from zebu cattle in Brazil.

YOUR COUPONS

TEA: 13 to 24.
SUGAR: 11 and 12.
BUTTER: 16 to 18 (till Nov. 18).
MEAT: Black, 38 to 42 till Nov. 18. Red and green, 41, 42, 43, 47 till Nov. 18.
CLOTHES: Y1-56. On Nov. 18 B57-112 expire, and Y37-112 become available.

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As I Read the STARS

by JUNE MARSDEN

THIS week brings better times for many zodiac groups. Especially for those born under Cancer, Pisces, and Scorpio. Many Virgoans and Capricornians can also benefit.

Set yourselves some definite, desired goals, and then work steadily and confidently toward them. Partial or full success is probable. Aways try to start new and important enterprises on those days shown as helpful.

For Taurians there is danger of loss, partings, upsets. Avoid discord, impulse. For Aquarians and Leonians there is likelihood of disappointments, delays, obstacles, and worries. Live quietly and wisely.

The Daily Diary

HERE is my astrological review for the week:

ARIES (March 21 to April 21): Nov. 16 (to 9 a.m.), 17 (to 10 a.m.), and 20 promise moderate help. Minor opportunities.

TAURUS (April 21 to May 22): Beware pitfalls, losses, partings, discord, and adverse changes. Especially Nov. 13, early 15, late 17, early and late 18, and 19. Routine work advised.

GEMINI (May 22 to June 22): Slightly helpful vibrations on Nov. 13 (before noon to 3 p.m.), 17 (to 10 a.m.), and 20. Work hard.

CANCER (June 22 to July 23): Work hard now, for opportunities and good fortune are possible. Nov. 13 (noon to 3 p.m.) and 19 (evening) fair. Nov. 14 good, 15 (after 10 a.m.) and 20 very good.

LEO (July 23 to Aug. 24): Be guarded at this time. Difficulties, worry, and unwanted upsets prevail. Dodge discord, errors, changes. Especially Nov. 13, early 15, 17 (to dusk), all 18 and 19. Routine best.

VIRGO (Aug. 24 to Sept. 23): Nov. 18 (except forenoon and sunset hours) and 19 fairly helpful.

LIBRA (Sept. 23 to Oct. 24): Nov. 13, fair. Nov. 20 good (after 4 p.m.). Utilise.

SCORPIO (Oct. 24 to Nov. 23): A queer week. Opportunities and helpful changes possible, but also difficulties. Nov. 13, 18, and 19, be cautious. Nov. 14, 16, and 17, very fair. Nov. 20 excellent.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 23 to Dec. 22): Nov. 13 (early afternoon), 16 and 17 (to forenoon), and 18 all slightly helpful.

CAPRICORN (Dec. 22 to Jan. 20): Modest opportunities and gains possible on Nov. 15 (after 8 p.m.) and 19 (evening hours).

AQUARIUS (Jan. 20 to Feb. 19): Beware trouble and strife just now. Indiscretions cause regret. Nov. 13, early 15, 17 (midday and evening hours), 18, and 19, very poor. Routine best.

PISCES (Feb. 19 to March 21): Be confident, diligent, and keen just now. Opportunities, gains, and changes possible. Utilise Nov. 13 (noon to 3 p.m.), 14, 16, and 17 (to 10 a.m.), 18, 19 (very fair). Nov. 15 (after 9 a.m.) very good.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in it. June Marsden regrets that she is unable to answer any letters.—Editor, A.W.W.]

RAIN IN THE CITY

By M. M. DAVIES

SOFTLY the rain weeps for these prisoned fields
Of senseless asphalt; grieves for absent signs
Of little grass tongues, lapping thirstily.
No trees are here, to shade with gracious lines
And deeply feed upon the Earth's full core;
No clicking beetles on her bosom roam,
Like drunken revellers, lurching gaudily;
No spider to knit up his silken home,
Nor germs of flora, pregnant with rich tints—
September pastels and the summer sheen
Of waratah. Formless, the wind, where leaves are none
To shape his vigor with their mantling green,
Or lend their spices to his Southern breath—
Shouting, he clutches at the dallying rain,
Hovering still above these lifeless stones
To hie them to the open fields again.

Mandrake the Magician

MANDRAKE: Master magician, and
LOTHAR: His giant Nubian servant, are visiting the land of Dementor, where there are some very cruel customs. The man responsible is
PRINCE PAULO: Who rules Dementor, and does many monstrous things. In his castle he holds captive in a cage a tenor singer called
DORMUS: Who is forced to sing when an electric current runs through his cage. His only crime is that he loves, and is loved by,
SYBIL LOUISA: Beautiful daughter of one of Prince Paulo's greatest enemies, Marlock. The Prince wishes to marry Sybil himself. As she refuses him, she is kept captive in a huge fish bowl. Mandrake speaks to Sybil, telling her he is her father's friend. NOW READ ON:

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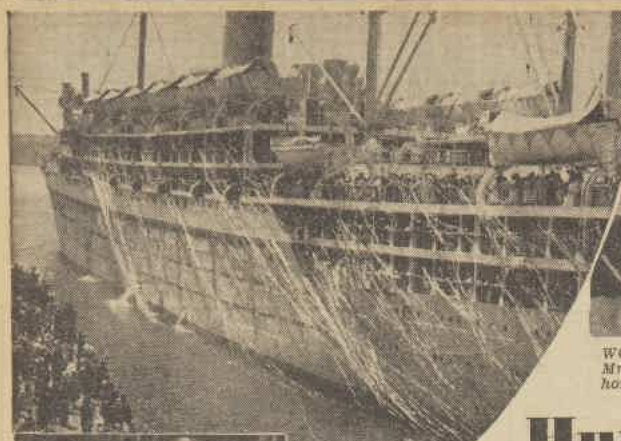

WORKING for N.S.W. Red Cross, Englishwoman Mrs. W. A. S. Young and son Alan hope soon to go home with Mr. Young, who was interned in Borneo.

PACKING after six years in Australia, Dr. and Mrs. P. Webber-Black came here on holiday from England, have stayed in Tasmania since.

Hundreds wait to go overseas

Applications for shipping berths pour in every day

While thousands of Australians—prisoners of war, internees, and long-service soldiers and airmen — have come home in the last few weeks, 9000 civilians are waiting here for passages in ships leaving for England.

But it will be a long time before streamer-garlanded tourist liners sail, as in prewar days, to the tune of "Auld Lang Syne" from a band on the wharf.

HONGKONG RESIDENTS, Mrs. W. Clark and daughter Rowena, reading paper sent by Mr. Clark, who was released from internment.

THE end of the Pacific war has created the immense task of shipping home millions of Allied servicemen stationed all over the world from the Pacific islands to Iceland.

During the last two years, ships which brought British or Australian servicemen to Australia have usually sailed again for England taking high-priority passengers.

Now they are taking home British servicemen and a limited number of other passengers, but it will be at least a year before travel returns to normal.

Shipping officials say that there are between 8000 and 9000 civilians waiting in Australia for transport to the United Kingdom. As well, several thousand girls married to Americans are waiting to go to the States.

Those bound for the United Kingdom include 2500 British women evacuees from the East, 479 British children, and 3000 men, women, and children who, usually domiciled in the United Kingdom, were in Australia when war began.

At least 300 Australian business men wish to go abroad to start developing postwar trade, and 2000 people want to go abroad as tourists.

Every year, before the war, thousands of Australians went "home" for a trip.

In April, 1939, 2240 left Australia during one week-end. This was a record number to leave in two days.

Although sea travel is at present more expensive and less comfortable than in prewar days, 300 applications a day are received by the Passage Priority Committee.

Crowded conditions

AVERAGE price of a passage to England now is £120 sterling. The lowest is about £95 sterling.

As much as £175 can be paid for passage, whereas before the war £136 bought luxury travel.

Shipboard food is much better on ships bound from Australia to England than on the outward trip, since less food can be spared in England.

Accommodation ranges from two-berth to ten-berth cabins, and even dormitories for twenty or more.

Maximum luggage allowed is 40 cubic feet.

Travellers must furnish income tax clearance, Manpower release, and certificate from Exchange Control, Commonwealth Bank, giving permission to take money, foreign currency, and securities out of the country. (Without this certificate only £5 may be taken.)

They also need a Customs declaration for personal effects. (When furs or jewels are valued at more than £50 each a bank permit for the excess value must be produced.)

Finally, a married man or woman preparing to travel alone must have the consent of his or her partner to leave the country.

HELPER at British Centre, Sydney, Mrs. Alan Hickie came from India with her husband after his retirement in 1939.

SINGING "There'll Always Be An England," at a club dance, evacuee children in Sydney waiting for ships to take them to England.

A Customs official said most passengers leaving for England want to know if they can take any tinned food.

"The quota has been restricted in England to 25lb. of mixed groceries," he said.

The amount of household effects which can be taken is limited by the shipping company.

A number of English wives who came here as evacuees sailed for England only a few days before their husbands arrived here from Japan, Singapore, or Java.

One Australian woman married to a Britisher who was a prisoner of war in Japan cancelled her berth to England when the war ended, hoping he would come to Australia.

A few days later she heard he had flown direct to England.

The British representative of the Children's Overseas Reception Board in Australia (Mr. C. Bavin) said that there are 360 British children, who came here as evacuees, waiting to return to England.

Two hundred and four have already returned home.

"The chances of the remainder getting home in time for this Christmas seem to be remote unless the shipping position improves," he said.

Most of them, while eager to rejoin their families, are sorry to leave Australia, where they have been happy with their temporary guardians.

Older ones have jobs which they like, and younger ones are enjoying Australian school life.

EVACUEE from Borneo, Mrs. John Hosgood hopes to return to England with her husband, who has been interned in Bandoeng.

Two sisters who will say good-bye are Sheila and Noreen Snaith, who have been staying at Chatswood (N.S.W.). Noreen is returning, but Sheila likes Australian life, and will settle here.

One of the last evacuees to return to England will be a Welsh girl, Miss Margaret Matthews. For the last three years since leaving school she has been secretary to Mr. Bavin in Sydney, and will continue in her job until all the children have left.

2GB YOUR FAVOURITE RADIO HIGHLIGHTS of the WEEK 2GB

SUNDAY
"The National Singers"
Sydney's only Radio Male Octet.
SUNDAY, 7.10 p.m.

MONDAY
"ALL-STAR THEATRE"
Your 30-minute lunch-hour radio play.
MONDAY, 1.00 p.m.

TUESDAY
Stirring story of romance and tragedy—
"THE MAN IN GREY"
TUESDAY, 9.00 p.m.

WEDNESDAY
Scintillating variety — favourite radio stars.
"Cashmere Bouquet Show"
WEDNESDAY, 8.00 p.m.

THURSDAY
You'll enjoy the gentle satire of—
"A. J. ALAN STORIES"
THURSDAY, 9.00 p.m.

FRIDAY
Match your knowledge against the
"QUIZ KIDS"
FRIDAY, 8.00 p.m.

SATURDAY
"Hill-Billy Round-Up"
—with "Hank" from the hills and plains.
SATURDAY, 9.30 p.m.

2GB THE NATION'S STATION! Key Station of the Macquarie Network 2GB

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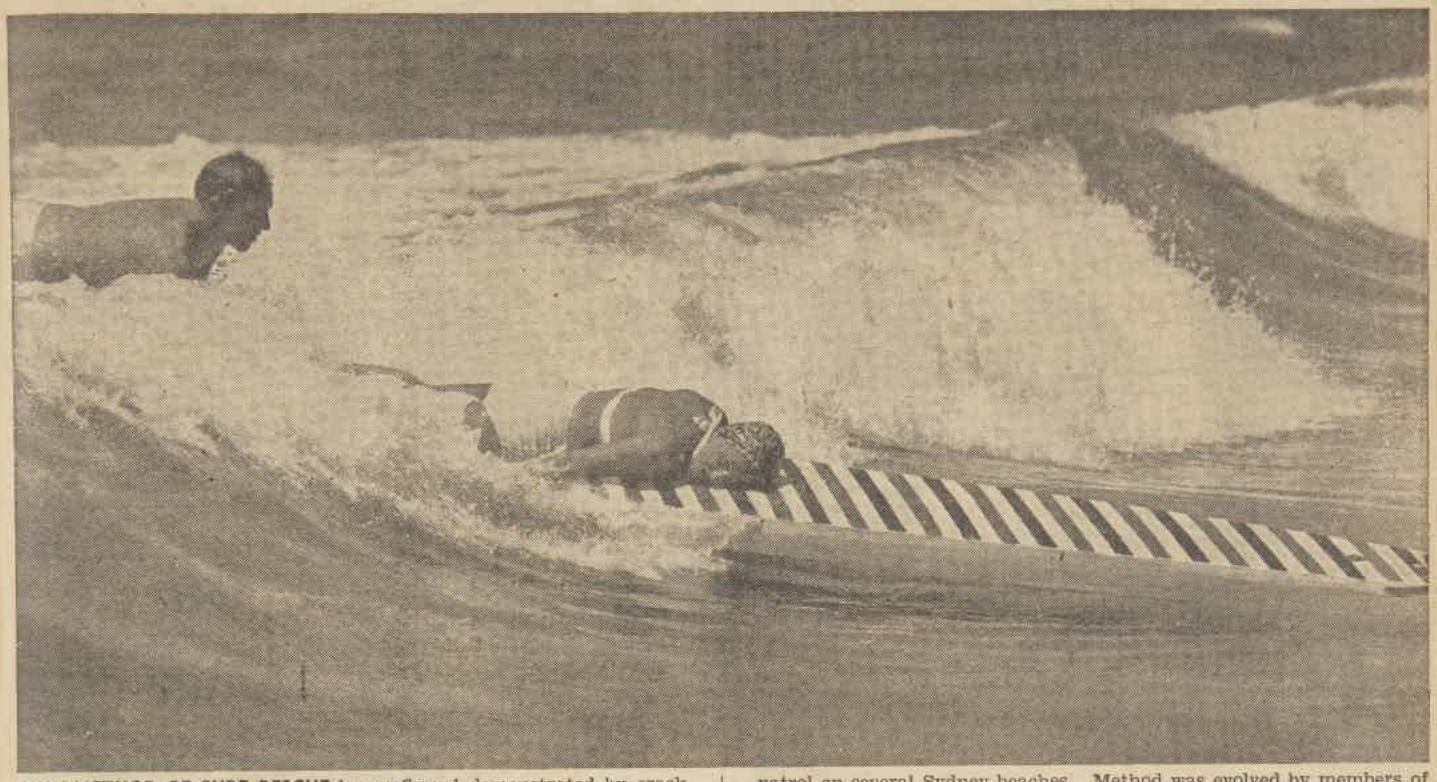
COMING HOME ON A WAVE AND A BOARD



NEW METHOD OF SURF RESCUE by surfboard demonstrated by crack surfboard rider Ray Leighton, at Manly Beach, N.S.W. This season, for the first time, two surfboard riders will be attached to each lifesaving patrol on several Sydney beaches. Method was evolved by members of Surf Board Section of Surf Life Saving Association, N.S.W., who consider board effective method of rescuing bathers in difficulties in heavy seas.

FIRST STAGE OF RESCUE is to get patient on to board outside the first line of breakers. Board enables rescuer to reach patient quickly.

ADVANTAGE OF BOARD rescue is that patient loses sense of panic when safe on the heavy board, which weighs 90lb., and is 16 feet long.

FINAL STAGE OF RESCUE on the water's edge, where the patient is transferred to stretcher. Model for the pictures is Betty Filshie, of Manly.

Staff photographer JACK HICKSON took these striking pictures.

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What's on your mind?

Compulsory military training

AUSTRALIA would do well to follow America's example and reintroduce compulsory military training.

Our lack of preparedness was tragically demonstrated in this war, and surely we have learned our lesson.

Before 1914 many of us were amused at lads of 18 to 21 having to give up some of their time to learn the rudiments of military training, but how invaluable that training was to the first A.I.F.

I believe compulsory military training is essential, although a definite improvement on the old system is needed.

To make it more attractive to young men, why not embody physical culture and sports, such as cricket, football, baseball, etc., in the programme?

The combination of this military and physical culture would prepare Australia for any emergency, and greatly benefit the health and physical standards of the nation.

£1 to F. Godolphin, Bristol Rd., Burstville, N.S.W.

Strap shoes required

I THINK it would be a very good idea if more strap shoes were available, especially during the summer months. At present they are practically unprocurable in a walking type with a sensible heel.

Many people are unable to wear court shoes, and lace-up shoes are very hot in the summer. A smart single strap walking shoe such as worn by the Duchess of Windsor in pictures appearing in issue 27/10/'45 would be a boon to many women.

5/- to Miss B. White, 62 Cook Rd., Paddington, N.S.W.

Talkies and silent films

IN issue 20/10/'45, Mrs. Davies, of Concord, asks why film companies have not made films of three short stories instead of the usual long story.

Several examples of this type are "Flesh and Fantasy," but the stories were too deep for the general public; "Tales of Manhattan," the story of an evening coat, was a series of short stories. In the silent days, "Bits of Life," directed by Marshall Neilun, was six stories, each with a different cast, and "Loves of Sunya," based on the stage success, "Eyes of Youth," which had three different stories, just missed being one of the first talkies.

5/- to Cpl F. Lamprell, Aust. Ent. Unit, A.I.F., Overseas.

Christmas shopping

CHRISTMAS will be here in seven weeks. Let us be more methodical about our shopping this year.

If we buy several gifts each week and put them away it will relieve the usual Christmas rush. This advice is also for the men; who usually shelve their responsibilities at the last minute and expect the women to do it. Consider the shop assistants, who also suffer from this last-minute rush.

5/- to Sgt. M. McLean, Royal Park, Vic.

READERS are invited to write to this column, expressing their opinions on current events. Address your letters, which should not exceed 250 words in length, to "What's On Your Mind?" c/o The Australian Women's Weekly, at the address given at the top of page 17. All letters must bear the full name and address of the writer, and only in exceptional circumstances will letters be published above pen-names.

Payment of £1 will be made for the first letter used, and 5/- for others.

The editor cannot enter into any correspondence with writers to this column, and unused letters cannot be returned.

Letters published do not necessarily express the views of The Australian Women's Weekly.

Husbands could help

C. JEWEL, on 20/10/'45, criticises women's appearance after marriage.

Most women like to look attractive before and after marriage. Before marriage a woman spends quite a lot of her time and money making herself attractive, but marriage brings many other duties and expenses. An unselfish woman will often neglect her appearance to devote her time to home, husband, and children.

If the average man would assist more in the home a woman could spend more time on herself.

5/- to D. E. Jenkins, Wyong Rd., Tumbi Umbi, N.S.W.

Save jars and bottles

THERE should be a depot where one can deposit empty scent bottles, cosmetic jars, and containers. They could be sterilised and used again.

The value of the bottles and jars discarded must amount to an enormous sum annually.

5/- to Mrs. F. Crees, Eagle Junction, Postal District No. 3, Qld.

Follow natural talents

UNWISE parents are responsible for wasters and ne'er-do-wells. If these children had been given guidance in the choice of a vocation and careful training in their chosen career, they would have become self-respecting and self-supporting as they grew up.

I have known children who wanted to learn a trade, but parents have intervened by forcing them to follow father's footsteps, which has ended in failure. It is up to parents to study their children's leanings and encourage them to make the most of their natural talents, and there will be fewer "rolling stones."

5/- to Mrs. M. Marshall, 8 Wingrove Ave., Epping, N.S.W.

Daylight for health

HEALTH authorities advise living in the sunlight. Wouldn't it be better for everyone if daylight saving were brought into force again?

Experience during last daylight saving showed that benefits were gained from early morning fresh air, more leisure after the evening meal (in my case more time to spend in the garden), and a saving in lighting.

If that extra hour of daylight will benefit the health of the community, I am sure that gain alone would compensate for any inconvenience it may bring to some.

5/- to Mrs. H. W. Redman, Girrawheen, Coonawarra, S.A.

Fear of dark may have after-effects

ENGLAND protects her children from irresponsible and selfish parents, by making it a penal offence to leave them unattended.

There are Australian parents who fail to adjust themselves to their responsibilities, which should be centred in the home and children. They try to keep up the social life and variety of interests of their single days.

The terror that children left alone at night often experience takes years to be outlived, and may produce painful results in later life.

5/- to Rev. F. W. Hopkins, The Rectory, Orbost, Vic.

Clinics instead of gaol

CONFIRMED drunkards are sent to gaol, which does not cure them.

Why not appoint trained psychiatrists and doctors and set up a special clinic for the cure of alcoholism? This could be paid for from taxes on liquor. It is the only solution of the problem of drunkenness, which has increased over the war years.

5/- to Mrs. G. Jewell, 6 Liguria St., Coogee, Sydney.

Wholemeal bread

WHAT is the use of doctors and nutrition experts advocating the wholemeal loaf when the bakers will not produce it?

The demand for wholemeal bread is growing, but very few bakers are supplying it. In most cases brown bread, which is only white colored, is the nearest approach to wholemeal bread that the consumer can get.

5/- to Miss I. Sexton, 67 Wilson St., Moonee Ponds, Vic.

Film Reviews

OUR FILM GRADINGS
★★★ Excellent
★★ Above average
★ Average
No stars — below average.

★★ OUR HEARTS WERE YOUNG AND GAY

PARAMOUNT have captured the nostalgic charm of Cornelia Otis Skinner's and Emily Kimbrough's best-seller, and it makes bright entertainment.

A comedy of the middle 1920's, of youthful emotions and embarrassments, the film has been well cast, with most of the honors going to young Diana Lynn as Emily, who brings most believable reality to the part. Another good performance is that of Gail Russell as Cornelia.

The story tells of the two girls' unchaperoned trip to Europe to find "sophistication," and their wide-eyed breathless reaction to the many quaint situations in which they become involved. Those who read the book will appreciate the fun of the scene in the Savoy Hotel in London, when their prized but appalling white fur coats shed fur on all and sundry.

Others in the cast who do well are Dorothy Gish, making a welcome return to the screen as Mrs. Otis Skinner, and Charles Ruggles as her husband.—Victory; showing.

★★ CHAMPAGNE CHARLIE

THIS is a grand period piece, recreating the atmosphere of the old music-hall days in England, and notable for first-class performances from Tommy Trinder and Stanley Holloway. The film released by BEF is based on the life of George Leybourne (Trinder), one of Britain's best-singing comics of the '60's. His rise to success and his rivalry of The Great Vance (Holloway) have been excellently reproduced, and the whole film has the authentic mark which results from good production and direction.

Another famous character of the time is that of Bessie Bellwood, music-hall proprietress, and Betty Warren is excellent in the part. For unusual entertainment, this English film will find many admirers, which it honestly deserves.—Cameo and Lyric; showing.

★★ BACK TO BATAAN

MADE in tribute to the Filipino guerrillas who continued a never-ending under-cover sabotage campaign during the Jap occupation of Bataan, RKO have produced a good film, untouched by the sentimentality which has marred so many others of similar type.

As Colonel Madden, U.S. leader of the guerrillas, John Wayne deliberately underplays the role, and thereby gains fine effect.

The battle scenes are faked, but they are grimly realistic, and the story moves from the fall of Bataan to its recapture by General MacArthur.

Anthony Quinn as the Filipino leader is impressive, and Fely Franquelli provides the romance for Quinn.—Civic; showing.

★ NOB HILL

THE whole of this sentimental Fox film about San Francisco in 1900 is as overpowering as the furnishings of the period. A technicolor opus, it stars George Raft, Joan Bennett, Vivian Blaine, and Peggy Ann Garner.

George Raft is cast as a smooth-tongued, good-hearted saloon-keeper of the Barbary Coast, who tries to reach social heights by marrying Nob Hill beauty Joan Bennett while ignoring the true love lavished on him by night-club singer Vivian Blaine. That sort of plot creaks at the joints in spite of the efforts of the three adult players. Young Peggy Ann Garner has a tear-jerker part as a young Irish immigrant befriended by the noble Mr. Raft.

There are several old and new tunes, and plenty of familiar scenes of luxurious Nob Hill, contrasting with equally familiar ones of the noisy, glaring Barbary Coast.—Plaza; showing.

IN Columbia's period drama, "The Fighting Guardsman," actor Willard Parker meets and defeats seven swordsmen. The script called for only five, but Willard asked that the number be increased to seven. When asked his reason by the director, who considered that five was ample, the handsome star replied with a grin: "It's on account of Errol Flynn. He fought off five men in one of his pictures, and I want seven, as it will make me look so much braver than Errol."

* * *

PRODUCER Edward Alperson is interviewing horses for the picturisation of the famous children's story "Black Beauty." Alperson says would-be candidates must have a white star on their foreheads and "kind and gentle dispositions." So far the lucky horse has not been chosen.

* * *

CHARLES LAUGHTON looks horrified at his increasing girth, which he attributes to Deanna Durbin's incessant feeding of him with tea and crumpets. Charles says, "She plays a waitress in our film, 'Because of Him.' It seems we never get past the restaurant scene, where she continually brings me plate-loads of delicious buttered crumpets."

Radio station starts sporting session

A comprehensive broadcast of sporting events has been arranged by Station 2GB. It will start on December 1.

This programme will begin at noon every Saturday, and will cover racing, cricket, tennis, swimming, athletics, surfing, and boxing.

SPECIAL arrangements have been made with the Australian Jockey Club, Sydney Turf Club, and Rosehill Racing Club for Station 2GB to broadcast from inside racecourses under their control.

The broadcasters in this session will be men who have made their name in the sporting world, headed by racing commentator Cyril Angles.

Cyril Angles was one of the first men to broadcast races in Australia. He has been broadcasting regularly for 20 years, and is also an authority on boxing and wrestling.

Broadcaster and radio entertainer Charles Lawrence will handle pre-race discussions on Melbourne form.

Ten years ago Charles Lawrence aroused the Sydney radio public's interest in Melbourne racing through his broadcasts on Melbourne racing form.

He is also greatly interested in the breeding of bloodstock.

A. A. Gainsford, who will deal with athletics, is an ex-Australian champion, and is best known as a long-distance runner.

He figured prominently in the last Empire Games and is now an executive of the Amateur Athletics Association.

CYRIL ANGLES, racing commentator, who will take an important part in the new sporting session from Station 2GB.

W. Bolger, who will broadcast on golf, has been active in professional golf for the past ten years. He has twice won the professional golfing championship.

Reg Swinbourne, who is the cycling authority in the session, has been on the executive side of cycling for about 20 years.

J. H. Dillon, who will handle swimming and surfing, has been associated with the Australian Surf Life Saving Association for many years.

Surf fans will remember him some time ago as a prominent competing member of the North Cronulla Life Saving Club.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY SESSION FROM 2GB

Every Day from 4.30 to 5 p.m.

WEDNESDAY, Nov. 14: Reg. Edwards' Gardening Talk.
THURSDAY, Nov. 15: (from 4.30 to 4.45): The Australian Women's Weekly Motorcraft Service Bureau Session.
FRIDAY, Nov. 16: The Australian Women's Weekly presents Goodie Reeve in "Gems of Melody."
SATURDAY, Nov. 17: Goodie Reeve presents Radio competitions, "Melody Foursomes."
SUNDAY, Nov. 18 (4.15-5.00): The Australian Women's Weekly presents "Festival of Music."
MONDAY, Nov. 19: Goodie Reeve.
TUESDAY, Nov. 20: Goodie Reeve presents "Musical Quiz."

Printed and published by Consolidated Press Limited, 168-174 Castlereagh Street, Sydney

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SYDNEY VISITORS. Mrs. Clive Carney and her daughter, June, are a mother and daughter who enjoy their punting together.

MOTHER AND SON. Sydneysiders Mrs. Bill Dovey and her tall son, Sub-Lieut. Bill Dovey, talk with Mrs. A. Romano, in between races on Cup Day.

PRETTY BARBARA SAXTON in a blue-and-white ensemble, with a frosty white snood, with her mother, Mrs. Harold Saxton, of Sydney.

OSTRICH FEATHER fan is formal accessory carried by Miss Angela Cass, who arrives with Mrs. W. E. H. Cass at Government House.

People and CUP WEEK

HOLD my breath when the numbers go up after Cup and could leap for joy when I see I've really backed the winner. Sydney people mad with joy, of course, even if their horses didn't come in.

They throw out their chests with a certain amount of pride when they learn that first three horses are ridden by Sydney jockeys, Rainbird by Billy Cook, Silver Link by J. Thompson, and Leonard by J. Duncan.

• • •

MELBOURNE weather, as usual, sulked on Cup Day until actual running of Cup, when the sun came out from behind the clouds to beam on punters. Its tardy appearance was cause of few fashion highlights appearing, and again hats were to the fore as the main fashion feature of the meeting. In fact, they vied with Flemington's really marvellous floral display until real flowers were put in the shade by their ingenious artificial cousins.

• • •

CAN'T help thinking smugly that Sydney women look marvellous wherever they're seen. Most eye-taking personalities at Cup in regard to beauty and to fashion were some of our youthful Sydney matrons, debutantes, and sub-debs.

• • •

WAITING in a hungry queue for afternoon tea, run into Mrs. C. McKerihan, of Sydney, who is staying at Menzies' with her two daughters—Mrs. Bewick Hack, formerly Dawn, and Dell. Dawn is walking on air, and it's not because she is winning at the races, but because she's heard news on Cup morning that she is off to England with her husband, who is flight-lieutenant with R.A.F., to make their home there. Dawn thought they would have to travel separately, but it has now been arranged for them to sail together.

• • •

ELIZABETH MORSHEAD, who was squired by the Royal Navy, Lieut.-Commander E. Collyer, looked sweet in a multi-colored flowered print worn with white accessories. Her mother and father, General Sir Leslie and Lady Morshead, were also at meeting, but they were in the official party in the Governor's box.

• • •

STAND and chat to Vice-Admiral J. W. Rivett-Carnac, who is another to see his first Melbourne Cup run. His wife has arrived in Melbourne just in time for the Cup and all the parties, so I'm sure she'll be feeling we're a very gay people in this part of the world.

• • •

LOOKING as if she was thoroughly enjoying herself was Eileen Phipps, attractive Lady-in-Waiting to the Duchess of Gloucester. She and one of the Duke's staff, Major Michael Hawkins, are guests of Sir Winston and Lady Dugan.

FOURSOME ARRIVING at Government House, Melbourne, for the Cup Eve reception. From left: Mrs. H. Piper, Red Cross Commissioner; Mr. Campbell Guest and Mrs. Guest with Chief Judge Piper.

GOLD BRAID. Commander R. T. White, D.S.O., of H.M.S. King George V, arrives at Flemington for the Melbourne Cup with Mrs. J. H. Illingworth, of Sydney. R.N. officers were well represented among spectators.

EARLY ARRIVALS at course are Rosemary Norrie and her cousin, Eleanor Kerans, who are guests at Government House, Melbourne, for Cup Week. With them are Mary Lisle Johnson and Bob Geddes, secretary to Sir Winston Dugan.

WAITING to put my money on Rainbird, I glimpse the Duchess' niece, Lady Elizabeth Scott, W.R.N.S., standing in the queue, and in the next line was the Governor of South Australia's daughter, Rosemary Norrie, who enjoys her first Melbourne Cup. She and her cousin, Eleanor Kerans, are house guests at Government House with Sir Willoughby.

• • •

MRS. EVERARD BAILLIEU'S blonde beauty was set off to advantage when she wore an amber-gold frock with a matching bobby hat in straw with little-girl streamers.

• • •

NICE to see a friendly and familiar face in a sea of strangers, so I'm pleased to see Captain Murray Fairbairn, of Sir Winston's staff, strolling toward me just before the Cup's run. Tells me he backed Viva, as he has had a dream about it, and also that it's his lucky number—number thirteen.

His wife, who lives in Sydney, was unable to see the Cup, as young Miss Fairbairn, who is still a very small baby, takes up a lot of her mother's time. Proud father, Murray, assures me she looks like him.

• • •

GOVERNMENT HOUSE looks quite "postwarish" for Cup Eve reception given by Governor of Victoria, Sir Winston Dugan, and Lady Dugan. There are fifteen hundred guests in all.

House is blaze of color, with wonderful collection of potted plants banked in foyer. Long buffet tables in supper-room are decorated in red, white, and blue.

ATTRACTIVE PUNTERS, Mrs. David Watts (left) and Mrs. Ian Potts stroll on the lawn. Mrs. Watts seldom misses a Melbourne Cup, is always one of the smartest dressers.

TWO Sydney women feted during their Melbourne visit for the Cup are Mrs. E. J. Watt and Mrs. Nigel Smith, who are guests of well-known Melbourne hostess, Mrs. Louis Nelken, at her lovely home, "Cleyne," Toorak.

Their pre-Cup celebrations include luncheon at Menzies'. Hostess is Mrs. Harry Bundock, wife of Brigadier Bundock. Later in the day Mrs. Nelken gives one of biggest Cup Eve parties at her home. Guests include lots of officers from British battleship, King George V.

Joyce

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1/6

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If unable to obtain write direct to Kathleen Court, 128 Clarence Street, SYDNEY.

INCENDIARY BLONDE...

1 **LIFE** is a constant struggle for lovable but improvident Mike Guinan (Fitzgerald) and his blonde daughter Texas (Hutton) as the family tours America.

2 **DETERMINED** to succeed, Texas arranges a fake horseback rescue stunt with a midget in a rodeo show run by Bill Kilgannon (de Cordova), New York gambler.

3 **WHILE** with the show, Texas falls in love with Bill, but finds he is married, and leaves to try her fortune on Broadway. She marries agent Tim Callahan, but the marriage is unsuccessful, and they part.

To Relieve Kidney Disorders

Take half a teaspoonful of Junipah Mineral Spring Salts in a glass of warm water on rising. Try them to-day and get relief to-morrow. At all chemists and stores, 1/6 and 2/6.

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Dramatic story of night-club queen

BEFORE filming the life story of the famous American night-club queen, Texas Guinan, Paramount held the script for five years.

Betty Hutton then was given the title role. More than a year of research was necessary to find souvenirs and mementoes of Miss Guinan. Many of the sets were reproduced from pictures found among her property when she died. Betty Hutton studied Miss Guinan's singing style from old records.

4 **HER** first job in New York is in the chorus, but soon she achieves stardom with her vital personality.

5 **AFTER** a Hollywood tour Texas becomes the most successful night-club queen in New York, with her unusual technique of greeting customers with impudent insults. Soon she is the toast of Broadway with a huge salary.

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6 **DELIGHTED** to share her success with her parents, Texas welcomes them to the Delta Club as honored guests at a party.

7 **GUN BATTLE** at the club involves Bill, now divorced, but Texas promises to wait till he is freed from gaol and able to marry.

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Do you remember the famous "Kleinerts" Bathing Caps? They'll be back again with Victory . . . . smarter and better.

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WATERPROOF ACCESSORIES
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-and so can you!

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WORTH A GUINEA A BOX

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THE PLACE YOU LIVE IN—is it just a house, dull, drab and uninteresting? Or is it modern, refreshingly comfortable . . a place you can really relax and feel content in?

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Just as soon as conditions permit, Plywood will be available to bring the delightful transformation that will make your house a home.

REPLACING CROWDED CONFUSION with orderly convenience, your kitchen can be economically and quickly modernised with Plywood. A Plywood kitchen gives you an abundance of built-in cupboards, spaciousness, practical comfort and beauty.

HERE IS A STORY in pictures of an old-fashioned verandah with splintery floors and dull walls, that was transformed with Plywood into a delightfully decorative sunroom. As up-to-date as the tick of a watch, Plywood can be moulded to any shape to fit your renovation plans.

And look! So many other improvements made with plywood

New beds from old with Plywood painted panels or rich figured veneer bed ends. Handy drawer space for storing, too.

Old-fashioned stairs modernised with distinctive Plywood veneer panels.

A splinter-proof, moisture-proof folding floor for baby's play pen is easily made with Plywood.

More cupboard space and beauty in the bathroom with this economically made Plywood sink cabinet.

Dignity and utility replaces mediocrity with this new Plywood combined mantelshelf and bookcase.

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Stuart Crystal

What a shame it is that so many wartime brides have had to forgo the pleasure of owning Stuart Crystal! But perhaps Mother could be persuaded to part with a few cherished pieces until shops are stocked again!

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SOLE DISTRIBUTORS:
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PAIN you can't "explain"

Blessed New Relief for Girls who Suffer Every Month.

WHEN pain, headache and muscular cramps are so bad that you can hardly drag your legs along . . . and you feel that all you want to do is sit down and cry . . . *why don't you try a couple of Myzone tablets* with water or a cup of tea.

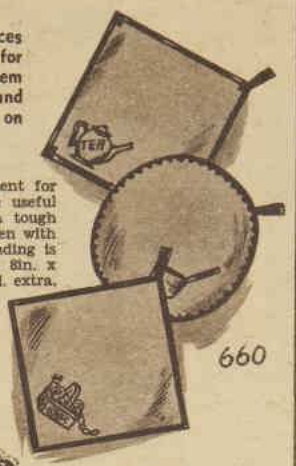
They bring complete, immediate, *safe* relief from period pain, backache and sick-feeling—*without the slightest "doping."* Nurses who used to suffer the most exhausting, dragging pain every month—and business girls who dreaded making mistakes because of "foggy" mind—say *Myzone* relief is quicker, more lasting than anything else they've known.

"Myzone *not only gives great relief, but seems to keep my complexion clear, as I used to get pimples.*" *M.P.*

★ *The secret is* Myzone's *amazing Actevin (anti-spasm) compound.* Try *Myzone* with your next "pain." All chemists.

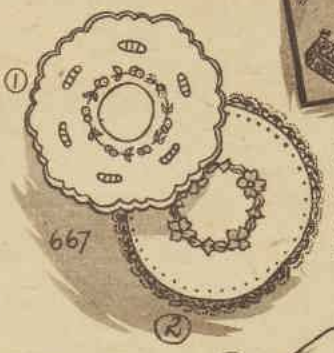
Needlework Notions

• Charming bits and pieces you can embroider quickly for Christmas giving. Look them over, make your choice, and order now. Address panel on opposite page.



No. 660. — A very welcome present for Christmas. The design for these useful potholders is clearly traced on a tough cotton in shades of lemon and green with motif ready for you to work. Binding is not supplied. They come in size 8in. x 8in. Price, 2/3 a set. Postage, 2½d. extra.

660



667

No. 667. — The designs for these two little d'oyley charmers come to you traced on lemon, green, and white cotton. Size 8in. x 8in. Price, 9d. each, with 1½d. for postage.

663

No. 663. — These three quaint coat-hanger covers are ideal for those of you who are really fussy about a trim wardrobe. Traced clearly on a pastel-toned cotton in shades of sky-blue, light beige, and dove-grey, they come in size 4in. by 18in. Price, 3/6 for set of three. Postage, 2½d. extra.

664

No. 664. — Adorn your own, or somebody else's, table with this sweet butterfly duchesse set. Design is traced clearly on an excellent cotton in shades of pale blue, beige, and dove-grey. Consists of centre mat and two small mats to match. Price, 3/- set, postage 2½d. extra.

659

No. 659. — Give an old-world touch to Christmas Day by presenting this pretty sampler to the family. It is obtainable, traced on a smooth finished cotton, in shades of pale blue, beige, and light-grey, with floral and printed motifs ready for working. Frame is not supplied. Size 7in. x 10in. Price, 1/-. Postage, 2½d. extra.

665

No. 665. — A gift anyone would be proud to receive. These attractive collar-and-cuff sets will add that crisp, fresh look to summer wardrobes. The designs are traced ready to embroider on white organdie or white linen-like cotton. Price, 2/3 for each set, plus 2½d. extra for postage.

You Can Get Quick Relief From Tired Eyes

EYES OVERWORKED? Do they smart and burn? Just put two drops of Murine in each eye. Right away its *seven special ingredients* start to *cleanse and soothe.* You get—

QUICK RELIEF! Murine washes away irritation. Your eyes feel *refreshed.* Murine is *alkaline*—pure and gentle. It helps thousands—start to-day to let it help you, too.

MURINE FOR YOUR EYES

SOOTHES · CLEANSES · REFRESHES

It's Supersifted!

Melo-dee

Powder

3/2 Box

Its lovely quality has never been altered. It is still the most delicate and soft powder obtainable—anywhere. The quality of Melo-dee all-purpose Cream, too, is still maintained.

Careers for GIRLS & LADIES

Here is YOUR Opportunity to help fill the places being vacated by men. STOTT'S can prepare you—successfully—in the privacy of YOUR OWN HOME. Without any obligation whatsoever. SEND THE COUPON for particulars of any of the following courses:

Shorthand, Typing	Handwriting
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Accountancy	Commercial Art
Story Writing	Dressmaking and Designing
Journalism (Fiance)	Shire Clerks
Advertisement Wtg.	University Exams.
Showcards, Tickets	Correspondent
Draftsmanship	Mail Order
Architectural Work	Window Dressing
Commercial English	Salesmanship
Com. Arithmetic	Engineering (Diesel, Motor, Radio, &c.)
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Stott's Correspondence College

100 Russell Street, Melbourne; 147-149 Castlereagh Street, Sydney; 290 Adelaide Street, Brisbane; 50 Grenfell St., Adelaide.

— Mail This Coupon: Cut Here —

TO STOTT'S (Nearest Address, see list). I should like details of your course/s in .....

MY NAME .....

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A.W.W.144 ..... AGE .....

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Fashion PATTERNS

F4051.—Ice cool sunfrock and jacket. 32 and 38in. bust. Requires 4½yds., 36in. wide and ½yd., 36in. contrast. Pattern, 1/7.

F4052.—Tiny tot's playsuit. 2 to 6 years. Requires 1½yds., 36in. wide. Pattern, 1/4.

F4053.—Smart contrast suit. 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3½yds., 36in. wide, check, with 1½yds., 36in. wide, plain. Pattern, 1/7.

F4054. — Sophisticated black model. 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4½yds., 36in. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

• • •

SEND your order for Fashion patterns or needlework (note prices) to "Pattern Department" to the address given in your State as under:

Patterns may be called for or obtained by post.

Box 383A, G.P.O., Adelaide.
Box 431G, G.P.O., Perth.
Box 409P, G.P.O., Brisbane.
Box 185C, G.P.O., Melbourne.
Box 4088W, G.P.O., Sydney.
Box 41, G.P.O., Newcastle.
Tasmania: Box 185C, G.P.O., Melbourne.
N.Z.: Box 4088W, G.P.O., Sydney. (N.Z. readers use money orders only.)

"THELMA"

American style slacksuit.

"THELMA" is made up ready to wear, in a crease-resisting hopsac linen, in shades of steel-grey, natural string, lovely rose, light sage, and apple-green.

Note double-breasted jacket, new cap sleeves, well-tailored trousers.

READY TO WEAR

Jacket only: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 38/11 (10 cpns.); 36, 38, and 40in. bust, 39/3 (10 cpns.) Postage, 10½d extra. **Slacks only:** Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 36-38in. hips, 39/11 (9 cpns.); 36, 38, and 40in. bust, 40, 42, and 44in. hips, 45/6 (9 cpns.) Postage, 1/2½ extra. **Jacket and Slacks:** Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 62/11 (19 cpns.); 36, 38, and 40in. bust, 71/6 (19 cpns.) Postage, 1/9½ extra.

Claudette Colbert says

HOLLYWOOD'S BEAUTY CARE REALLY MAKES SKIN LOVELIER!

Two Beautiful Stars in United Artists'

"SINCE YOU WENT AWAY"

use

Shirley Temple says

LOTS OF DATES FOR THE GIRL WITH THE **LUX TOILET SOAP** COMPLEXION.

In recent tests 3 out of 4 complexions improved in a very short time with Lux Toilet Soap. Skin quickly becomes softer, smoother, flower-fresh with its rich, creamy lather. Wouldn't you like to have a lovely Hollywood complexion? Then, use pure white Lux Toilet Soap.

A LEVER PRODUCT

THE DOCTOR'S DIARY

This diagnosis applies to you—if you are subject to Rheumatism — Backache, Muscular Pains, High Blood Pressure.

Doctor (Examining Patient): "This pain in your back. Just what do you feel?"

Patient: "Sometimes it's a steady ache; other times a series of stabbing pains a little on one side."

Doctor: "You say your shoulders ache, also your arms and legs?"

Patient: "Yes, I've had that for a long time."

Doctor: "Do you find it an effort to get up after stooping?"

Patient: "Yes, Doctor. My legs get cramped and stiff when I stoop or bend for any time."

Doctor: "Do you find your joints creak when bending or walking up steps?"

Patient: "Yes, it feels as if the bones in my ankles are grinding together."

Doctor: "When you wake up in the morning, are your eyes pouched and puffy?"

Patient: "Yes, Doctor. I've noticed that it is getting more pronounced, too."

Doctor: "You don't want to become a chronic invalid, crippled with rheumatism—useless to yourself and a nuisance to everyone else. You have been neglecting your health for some time, and now your kidneys are not doing their work of filtering out the poisons from your blood."

Patient: "I suppose that accounts for the pain and stiffness in my limbs and shoulders?"

Doctor: "Partly. It also accounts for the pains you get in the back."

If you suffer from Rheumatism, Kidney Troubles, High Blood Pressure, Flushes to Neck and Face, Backache, or Bladder Troubles, get a flask of Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids from your Chemist or Store. A pure herbal treatment, Menthoids can only do you good and can be taken safely by even the most delicate patient.

Get genuine Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids from your nearest Chemist or Store. Large flasks are 6/6, small flasks 3/6—

M49A

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KEEP *Kool* . . .

AND STAY POPULAR

"Kool" air-conditioned underwear comes like a refreshing breeze to most men and particularly to those who, because of their activity and liveliness, run the risk of offending. "Kool" air-conditioned underwear keeps you cool — and healthier, too, because its cellular fabrication allows hot air *out* and cool air *in*.

More resilient than usual cotton underwear, and because of its cellular construction "Kool" "gives" to every movement of the body allowing you to breathe and move with greater freedom. Strongly made of finest imported English cotton, "Kool" wears well and washes well, keeping its shape and resiliency. It is now available in all types and sizes. Look for the trademark "Kool" and remember that although the weather may be hot, *this* summer it's going to be "KOOL".

See the strong yet light construction of "Kool." This piece of "Kool" Fabric has been magnified 4 times to show you how easily cool air can get through it and heat escape—perfect air-conditioning!

MADE BY *Eagley*

AIR-CONDITIONED UNDERWEAR FOR MEN . . *Kool*

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England to-day: RUNNING-UP A HOUSE

8 A.M.—Foundations and bases are ready. These comprise a simple levelled concrete raft, 4in. thick, on prepared ground, with pier blocks and filler panels. Units are coming off lorries and eight men and four women are ready for the day's work of running-up a house.

FACTORY-MADE HOUSES after this style are being erected en masse all over England; lifetime 60 years.

Designs vary. External walls are of concrete slabs mixed with gravel to give unusual color effect. Rent £25 year, plus rates.

These pictures illustrating the erection of a house in a few hours were brought from England by Australian-born R. W. G. Mackay (now a member of the House of Commons), who says Australia could produce up to 500 houses weekly.

HERE STANDS one of England's houses that was erected in a day. Other pictures tell the fascinating story of its mushroom-like growth. Its life will be comparable to that of a brick house. It is but one of hundreds going up every day to help solve Britain's housing famine.

10 A.M.—The units which form the ground-floor walls are in place. Each unit is 1ft. 4in. wide and story height (approx. 8ft.). The joints of the wall units are made with a special compound which ensures perfect water-tightness. Work starts at once on upper floor.

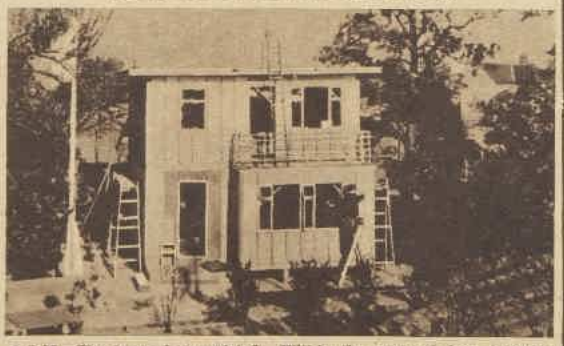
12 NOON.—Upper story begins to take shape. Flooring units of resin-bonded plywood, half an inch thick, are fixed to timber splines. Unit-piece staircase set in entrance hall allows an inspection.

2 P.M.—Almost ready for the roof! The internal wall units of laminated timber are covered with plywood or plaster board, ready for internal decorations. Attractive balcony railing is of steel.

Charm . . .

is not a matter of dress alone. Mood and manner are equally important. Mood and manner have their basis in good health, steady nerves, freedom from irritability. Knowing this, wise women begin their day the Schumann way — with half a teaspoonful of Schumann's Mineral Spring Salts in a long glass of warm water. It's the health drink which cleanses and tones the entire system.

4 P.M.—The eight good men and three capable women pause a few minutes, disappear into background, while this progress picture is taken. You'll note the slightly pitched roof is half-way to completion. House is taking on a ship-shape look. Privileged visitors have a look-see; crowds are kept well out of the way.



6 P.M.—The house is completed. Within the space of days, interior will be decorated and furnished, the plumbing, lighting, and heating all in place. Naturally, the house will be immediately occupied.

TWICE THE USUAL QUANTITY
of dyestuff in every packet of—

PRINCESS DYES

FAST IN THE TROPICS
FAST EVERYWHERE

DOUBLE SIZE PACKET . . . 1/-

Ask to see the PRINCESS Colour Card 75

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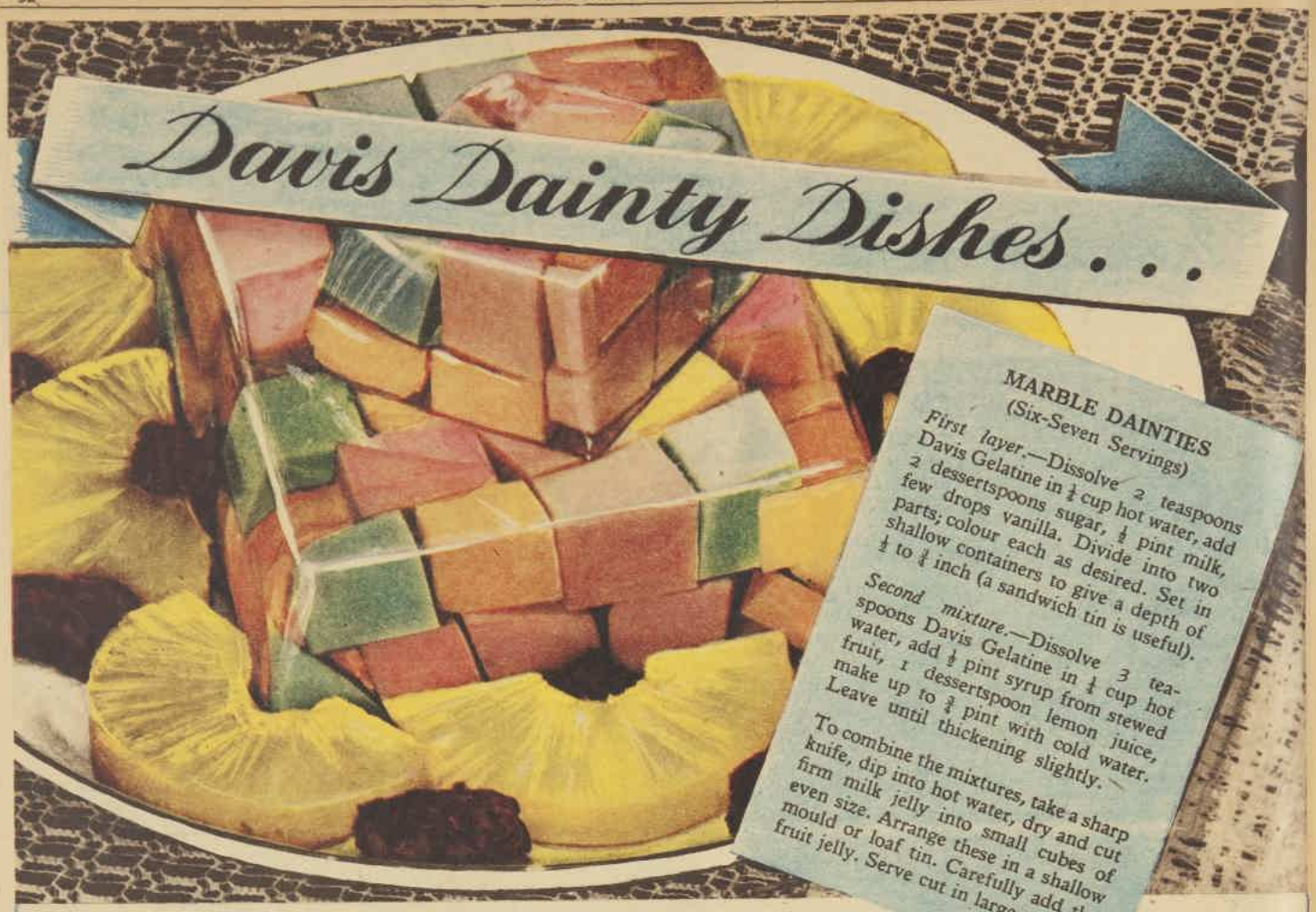

MARBLE DAINTIES
(Six-Seven Servings)

First layer.—Dissolve 2 teaspoons Davis Gelatine in ¼ cup hot water, add 2 dessertspoons sugar, ½ pint milk, few drops vanilla. Divide into two parts; colour each as desired. Set in shallow containers to give a depth of ½ to ¾ inch (a sandwich tin is useful).

Second mixture.—Dissolve 3 teaspoons Davis Gelatine in ¼ cup hot water, add ½ pint syrup from stewed fruit, 1 dessertspoon lemon juice, make up to ¾ pint with cold water. Leave until thickening slightly.

To combine the mixtures, take a sharp knife, dip into hot water, dry and cut firm milk jelly into small cubes of even size. Arrange these in a shallow mould or loaf tin. Carefully add the fruit jelly. Serve cut in large squares.

have you made one lately?

SUNGOLD SPONGE
(Six Servings)

3 teaspoons Davis Gelatine, ¼ cup hot water, 1 egg, ½ pint stewed peach juice, ½ pint stewed peach pulp, 1 dessertspoon lemon juice, sugar.

Dissolve gelatine in hot water. Beat egg yolk, add to peach juice, add lemon juice, heat over hot water until thickened slightly. Sweeten if necessary. Stir in gelatine and peach pulp. Beat the egg white until stiff and whisk through the mixture. Place in a mould.

TOMATO SALAD
(Six Servings)

2 dessertspoons Davis Gelatine, ½ cup hot water, 1½ cups cooked tomato pulp or juice, 3 tablespoons grated cheese, 1 hardboiled egg, salt, pepper, 1 teaspoon chopped parsley.

Dissolve gelatine in hot water, add tomato, salt and pepper to taste. Place slices of hardboiled egg in a mould or small moulds, add grated cheese and a sprinkling of chopped parsley. Pour in the tomato mixture. Serve on lettuce.

CHOCOLATE HONEYCOMB
(Six Servings)

2 dessertspoons Davis Gelatine, ¼ pint hot water, 1 tablespoon cocoa, ½ pint milk, 2 eggs, 1 tablespoon honey, 1 tablespoon sugar, pinch of salt, ½ teaspoon lemon juice.

Mix cocoa to a smooth paste with a little of the milk. Heat remainder of the milk, add to cocoa, mix well, bring to boiling point, pour onto lightly beaten egg yolks. Cook until the mixture thickens slightly. Remove from fire, add honey, sugar, salt; when cool add gelatine dissolved in hot water and fold in beaten egg whites. Place in a mould.

JELLIED PLUM PUDDING
(Six-Seven Servings)

2½ dessertspoons Davis Gelatine, ¾ cup hot water, 2 tablespoons lemon juice, piece of rind, 4 tablespoons sugar, ¼ pint sherry, 2 bananas, 1 oz. blanched almonds, 1 lb. mixed fruits and peel (sultanas, currants, raisins, cherries, ginger, etc.).

Wash and prepare fruit, cooking sultanas, prunes, raisins in a little water for a few minutes to plump them. Shred almonds, slice bananas, slice cherries, cut fruit into small pieces. Mix all together, place in a basin, pour over 2 tablespoons sherry; cover firmly. Dissolve gelatine in ¼ cup hot water. Place balance of water in saucepan with sugar, lemon juice and rind, bring slowly to boiling point; strain, add gelatine, add cold water to make up to ½ pint, add sherry. Pour over fruit. Leave to set, unmould, and serve with cold custard, cream or ice cream.

If you would like the famous collection of Davis Gelatine recipes which are such a boon in meal planning, write for "Davis Dainty Dishes" and enclose 2½d. stamp for postage. Special folders, "Meals for Little Folk," "Invalids and Convalescents," and gelatine recipes for the diabetic diet are available. If one of these would be of particular interest to you, mention it when writing for "Davis Dainty Dishes."

DAVIS GELATINE

DEPARTMENT W

Sydney: G.P.O. Box 3583S — Melbourne: G.P.O. Box 4058 — Brisbane: G.P.O. Box 758K — Adelaide: G.P.O. Box 712F

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CHERRY CAKE FOR CHRISTMAS . . . make a light butter cake or rich plain cake; add cherries to mixture, cover with rough frosting.

Cakes for Christmas

● Here are cakes for the family festival, cakes for December callers, for Christmas toast making . . . rich with fruit and honey, with the fragrant essences of orange and almond. Make them early in the month, let them last to Twelfth Night.

By OLWEN FRANCIS

Food and Cookery Expert to The Australian Women's Weekly

INGREDIENTS are precious. Measure carefully. Mix lightly. Study baking directions and be sure of oven positions and oven heats.

RICH FRUIT CAKE

Half pound butter (clarified beef dripping or margarine may be used), 1lb. brown sugar, 3 tablespoons orange marmalade, 1 teaspoon vanilla essence, 1 teaspoon almond essence, 4 eggs, 16oz. plain flour, 2 teaspoons mixed spice, 1 dessertspoon cocoa, ½ teaspoon salt, ½ teaspoon bicarbonate of soda, 3lb. mixed fruit (raisins, sultanas, dates, cherries, etc), 1lb. finely shredded peel, 1lb. ground almonds (if available), 4 tablespoons sherry or strong black coffee.

Prepare cake-tin with at least three linings of paper on bottom and round sides. Beat butter and sugar to a smooth cream, and then beat in the marmalade and essences. Beat in the eggs, one at a time. Stir in the sifted flour, spice, cocoa, salt, and soda. Add the prepared fruit, peel, and ground almonds. Lastly, stir in liquid.

Turn into prepared tin, smoothing down evenly. Place in a slow oven, and bake very slowly, covering for the first half of the cooking time with two thicknesses of paper.

The above quantity is sufficient for a tin 8 inches in diameter (soldier's tin size), and takes 3½ to 4 hours at 300deg. F. . . . weighs 4½ to 5lb. when cooked.

Double the above quantity is sufficient for a tin 12 inches in diameter and takes 5½ to 6 hours at 275deg. F. . . . weighs about 8½lb. when cooked.

Half the above quantity is sufficient for a five-inch cake-tin, and takes about 2½ hours at 325deg. F., and weighs about 2¾lb. when cooked.

Make at least 2 or 3 weeks before cutting.

RICH CHERRY CAKE

Seven ounces plain flour, 1oz. cornflour, ½ teaspoon baking powder, 8oz. shortening (try half butter, half margarine), 8oz. castor sugar, 4 eggs, 1 extra tablespoon flour, 6oz. cherries, 1 tablespoon brandy, rum, or sherry.

Sift flour, cornflour, baking powder. Blend in the softened shortening, mixing well. Blend in the sugar, whipped with the eggs. Add the extra flour, and then the cherries mixed with the brandy. Bake in a well-greased and lined cake-tin (5½in. in diameter) for 1½ hours in a moderate oven (350deg. F.). When cold store in airtight tin. Will keep fresh for weeks. Before serving may be coated with marshmallow or boiled frosting to which chopped cherries and almond essence have been added.

INEXPENSIVE DARK FRUIT CAKE

Two cups mixed fruit, ½ cup sugar, 1 cup water, 4oz. dripping (clarified beef), 2 teaspoons mixed spice, 1 teaspoon bicarbonate of soda, 2 tablespoons vinegar, ½ cup honey, 2 teaspoons grated orange rind, 2½ cups flour, ½ teaspoon salt.

Boil fruit, sugar, water, and dripping for five minutes. Cool and stir in spice and soda. Quickly beat in vinegar, honey, and orange rind and stir in sifted flour and salt, mixing thoroughly. Bake in greased and paper-lined loaf-tin for 1½ hours in moderate oven (325deg. F.).

ORANGE AND GINGER CAKE

Four ounces shortening, 2oz. brown sugar, 3 tablespoons orange marmalade, 2 teaspoons grated orange rind, 2 eggs, 8oz. self-raising flour, ½ teaspoon salt, 2oz. finely chopped preserved ginger, 1-3rd cup strained orange juice.

Cream shortening and sugar well, and beat in the orange marmalade and orange rind. Slowly beat in the whipped eggs, and then the sifted flour, salt, and preserved ginger. Add the orange juice.

Bake in a five-inch cake-tin (round or square) in a moderate oven (350deg. F.), for 1 hour.

HONEY CHOCOLATE CAKE

Four ounces shortening, 3oz. brown sugar, 1 tablespoon honey, 1 tablespoon cocoa, 3 eggs, 8oz. self-raising flour, ½ teaspoon cinnamon, pinch salt, 1-3rd cup milk.

Cream together shortening, sugar, honey, and cocoa until smooth and fluffy. Beat in eggs one at a time. Lightly stir in sifted flour, cinnamon, and salt alternately with the milk. Cook in two greased sandwich-tins (8-inch) in a moderate oven (350 deg. F.) 25 to 30 minutes. When cold, join together with honey-flavored cream or chocolate icing, and top with chocolate icing, and decorate with walnuts and cherries.

FEATHERWEIGHT BROWN CAKE

Four ounces shortening (butter or substitute), 4oz. brown sugar, ½ teaspoon grated lemon rind, 3 eggs, 3 tablespoons milk, 8oz. self-raising flour, 1-8th teaspoon salt, 1 dessertspoon mixed spice, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, 2oz. chopped walnuts, 2oz. chopped dates, 3oz. chopped raisins, 1oz. shredded preserved lemon peel.

Cream shortening, sugar, and lemon rind well. Beat in eggs, one at a time. Add the milk, and stir in sifted flour, salt, and spices. Add nuts, fruit, and peel. Bake in a moderate oven (350deg. F.) for 1 to 1½ hours in a loaf-tin (8½ x 5½ x 4 inches) or round cake-tin (5½in. in diameter), or for 30 minutes in two bar-tins. When cold may be iced with chocolate icing and topped with chopped walnuts.

GOLDEN SPONGE CAKE

Four eggs, 1 cup castor sugar, 1 tablespoon golden syrup, 1 cup self-raising flour, 1 tablespoon arrowroot or cornflour, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, 1 teaspoon cocoa, 1 teaspoon butter, 2 tablespoons boiling milk.

Separate egg-yolks and whites. Beat whites to a stiff froth and gradually whisk in the sugar. Whisk in egg-yolks and syrup, beating to a thick cream. Fold in sifted flour, arrowroot, cinnamon, and cocoa. Lastly fold in hot milk in which the butter has been melted. Bake in two greased sandwich-tins (7in.) in a moderate oven 350 deg. F.) for 20 to 25 minutes. When cold sandwich together with mock cream or marshmallow, top with frosting or marshmallow, and decorate with chopped nuts or candied fruit.

MOCK ALMOND PASTE

Twelve ounces icing sugar, 1 dessertspoon cornflour, 2oz. fine white breadcrumbs or desiccated coconut 1 teaspoon almond essence, 1 teaspoon lemon juice, 1 tablespoon sherry or orange juice, 1 egg-yolk.

Sift icing sugar and cornflour, add crumbs or coconut. Mix with essence, lemon juice, sherry, and egg-yolk beaten together. This is sufficient for covering half quantity of rich fruit cake given on this page.

CRISP SNOW FROSTING

One and a half cups sugar, 2 tablespoons water, 2 egg-whites, 1 dessertspoon lemon juice, 1 teaspoon vanilla essence.

Put sugar, water, egg-whites into basin, and whisk over rapidly boiling water until mixture holds its shape and is of spreading consistency, 10 to 15 minutes. Add lemon juice and essence, and spread quickly and roughly over cake. Chopped nuts or fruits (as cherries) may be added. Half the quantity takes about 7 minutes to cook, and double the quantity about 20 minutes. This quantity is sufficient to cover a seven-inch sponge sandwich.

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10 Minutes from Wish to Dish

Ask your Grocer for Smorgons Steak and Kidney Pudding, Frankfurts, Sausages, Lamb Tongues, Camp Pie, and Meat Galantine

Smorgons CHELSEA CANNED MEAT DISHES

IT'S A TREAT TO EAT SMORGON'S

WAKE UP IN THE MORNING WITH A SONG!

After a course of Clements Tonic you will feel like jumping out of your skin with new energy. Get to know that feeling of early-morning fitness.

THIS IS WHAT AN ACTUAL USER SAYS:—

"I became very run down . . . I was faced with serious domestic trouble. At my wits end I was persuaded to try a course of your Tonic . . . By the time I had taken the second bottle I was a different man. I have continued with it and still take it." E. E., Wellington, N.Z.

(Original Testimonial always on file for inspection.) 1/126

CLEMENTS TONIC

Ah! BISTO

The best Gravy-maker in the world . . . .

Ask your grocer for BISTO

HONEY FROSTING on this special occasion cake made by Gloria de Haven, MGM star. Boil 1 cup honey about 7 minutes, cool, and then gradually beat into 2 whisked egg-whites to spreading consistency.

Every recipe a winner

● Cookies and cake for tea, luncheon salad loaf, dinner appetiser and supper savory . . . these are winners from readers in our popular recipe competition.

THESE recipes are fine. The cookies are fruity and crunchy, with a lemon tang.

Try the spicy date cake with iced lemon tea or chilled black coffee, ice-cream topped.

They pair well.

WALNUT AND RAISIN COOKIES

Six ounces flour, ½ teaspoon mixed spice, ½ teaspoon nutmeg, ½ teaspoon baking powder, pinch salt, 4oz. lard or margarine, 4oz. brown sugar, 8oz. raisins, 4oz. walnuts, ½ teaspoon grated lemon peel, 2 eggs.

Sift flour, spice, nutmeg, baking powder, and salt. Rub in shortening and add raisins, chopped nuts, and peel. Mix to a dry consistency with beaten eggs. Place in spoonfuls on a greased tray and bake in a moderate oven (375deg. F.) 15 to 20 minutes.

First Prize of £1 to Mrs. F. Cronly, 164 Oberon St., Coogee, N.S.W.

EASTERN GARDEN CAKE

One ½ cup self-raising flour, ½ teaspoon ground ginger, ½ teaspoon ground cloves, ½ teaspoon cinnamon, 3oz. butter or substitute, ½ cup sugar, 2 eggs, 1 cup chopped, pitted dates, ½ cup chopped nuts, ½ cup cold strong coffee.

Sift flour and spices. Cream shortening and sugar. Add well-beaten eggs and then the dates and nuts. Mix in the flour, alternately with the coffee. Bake in two greased sandwich-tins in a moderate oven about 25 minutes. May be joined with a filling or iced separately and sprinkled with nuts.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. R. Wallace, Parry St., Charleville, Qld.

BONDI COCKTAIL

One cup flaked crab, 2 tablespoons tarragon vinegar, 1 tablespoon Madeira or sherry, 5 tablespoons tomato catsup or puree, 1 teaspoon lemon juice, ½ teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, salt and cayenne to taste.

Combine all ingredients and chill well. Serve in cocktail glasses as dinner appetisers.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss E. Clayton, c/o 457b Little Collins St., Melbourne.

PRAWN MACARONI

One tablespoon butter, 1 tablespoon flour, 1½ cups milk, 1 cup shelled prawns, 2 cups cooked macaroni, 1 hard-boiled egg, salt and pepper, squeeze of lemon juice, salad greens.

Melt butter in saucepan, stir in flour, cook one minute and then stir in milk. Bring to the boil, stirring constantly. Season with pepper and salt and a squeeze of lemon juice and stir in prawns and macaroni. Serve piping hot, garnished with sliced egg. Serve green side salad.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. H. Rogers, Huntleys Pt. Rd., Huntleys Pt., N.S.W.

RABBIT SALAD LOAF

One rabbit, one onion, small bunch fresh herbs, ½lb. cooked ham, 2 hard-boiled eggs, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, pepper, salt, pinch of allspice, ½ cup rabbit stock, 1 dessertspoon gelatine, 2 tablespoons cold stock, salad vegetables.

Wash rabbit, soak 30 minutes. Cook in water with sliced onion, herbs, 1 teaspoon salt, simmering gently for about 1 hour. Remove from pan and when cold strip all meat from bones and chop finely. Add chopped ham. Wet a mould and line with sliced eggs and chopped parsley. Fill with the meat mixture. Season the stock to taste, adding allspice. Dissolve gelatine in the stock, first softening with the 2 tablespoons of liquid. Pour over the meat. Press down meat with a weighted plate. When cold turn out and serve with salads. This is delicious with a mushroom salad, cooking the mushrooms in oil and seasoning with lemon juice and mayonnaise.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to M. Cunningham, 167 Fernberg Rd., Paddington, Brisbane.

ADVANTAGES OF GOOD MASTICATION

By SISTER MARY JACOB

THE habit of good mastication must be taught early, and with most babies the early instinct is to chew hard things.

Many children of to-day do not chew well, simply because their mothers do not have patience, will not give them hard foods, or train them to chew them. Instead, they will give their little ones soft foods that can be eaten quickly.

Thus the tendency is for the early instinct to die out. This is most difficult to revive, as once a child has become accustomed to the easy swallowing of soft foods, he will usually refuse everything that requires the slightest effort in chewing.

A helpful leaflet on good mastication has been prepared by The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, 5th floor, Scottish House, 19 Bridge Street, Sydney, and a copy will be posted if a stamped addressed envelope is sent with the request to the above address.

How to

S-T-R-E-T-C-H your butter ration

—by Elizabeth Cooke

No. 20

Something good to spread on your Bread

This will give a breather to that steadily dwindling butter ration—a smooth golden cheese spread. It's so tasty you won't even think of butter in the same mouthful, and you can whisk it up in no time at all. For the youngsters' after-school snack it's a certain "more please" . . . as good for them as it's delicious.

Cheese Spread

4 oz. Kraft Cheese grated; 4 tablespoons milk; salt and pepper to taste.

Stir briskly over a double boiler till smooth and thick.

When using clarified dripping in puddings, cakes, or pastry, add a little lemon juice to counteract the fatty flavour.

FRY'S CHOCOLATE CREAM TABLETS

Itch Germs Cause Killed in 3 Days

Your skin has nearly 50 million tiny seams and pores where germs hide and cause terrible Itching, Cracking, Eczema, Peeling, Burning, Acne, Ringworm, Psoriasis, Blackheads, Pimples, Foot Itch, and other blemishes. Ordinary treatments give only temporary relief because they do not kill the germ cause. The new discovery, Nixoderm, kills the germs quickly and is guaranteed to give you a soft, clear, attractive, smooth skin in one week, or money back on return of empty package. Get guaranteed Nixoderm from your chemist or store to-day and remove the real cause of skin trouble.

Nixoderm 2/- & 4/-

For Skin Sores, Pimples and Itch.

Hard, burning, achy

CORNS

Lift right out

Corns that hurt, burn, throb and ache can be removed swiftly with this new type of antiseptic treatment. Simply apply a drop of **Frozol-Ice**, and its special anaesthetic action will stop pain quickly. Then corn or callus starts to wither up, work loose, and you can pick it right out with your finger-tips. **Frozol-Ice** is the new, safe, instant-drying remover that does not hurt healthy tissues. Chemists everywhere sell **Frozol-Ice**.

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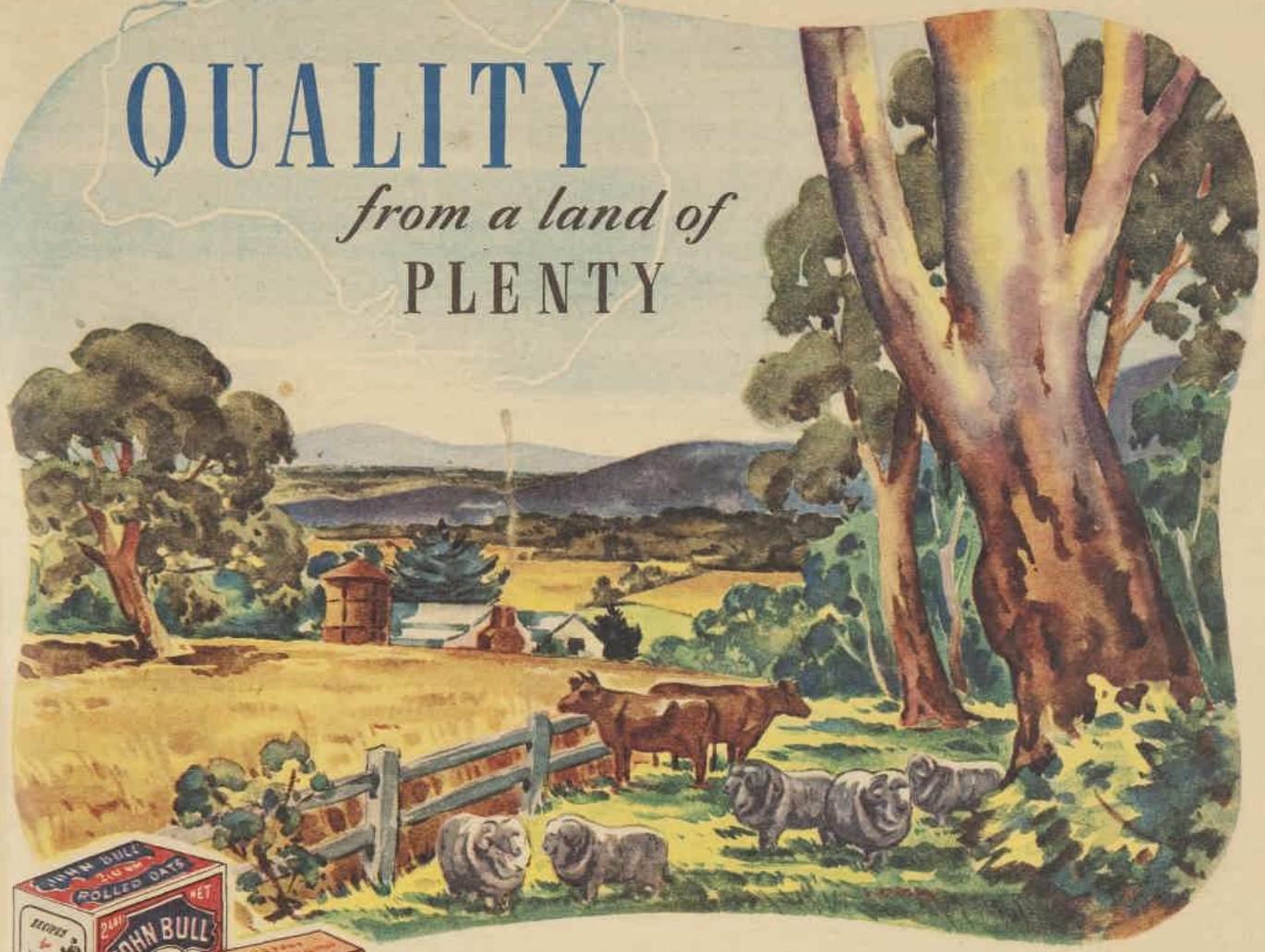
from a land of
PLENTY



From the sun drenched wheatlands . . . the rich maizefields . . . and the lush oat paddocks come the cereals to be blended into **Parsons'** quality products. Only the finest crops are selected and every care is taken during processing to ensure that all the natural goodness is retained.

Wise housekeepers know the value of quality foods—watch for **Parsons'** fine foods . . . quality that can be relied upon.

JOHN BULL OATS — GLOBE CORNFLOUR
PARSONS' CUSTARD POWDER — PARSONS' GROATS
Miss MUFFET JUNKET CRYSTALS
PARSONS MUSTARD — WHITE RAY STARCH

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New Cream Deodorant *safely* **Stops Perspiration**

1. Does not irritate skin. Does not rot dresses and men's shirts.
2. No waiting to dry. Can be used right after shaving.
3. Prevents under-arm odor. Helps stop perspiration safely.
4. A pure white, antiseptic, stainless vanishing cream.
5. Laboratory tests prove ARRID is entirely harmless to any fabrics.

Arrid is the largest selling deodorant

At all chemists and stores selling toilet goods.

Distributors: Fassett & Johnson Ltd., Sydney

2/- a jar **ARRID**

WOMEN

CONFIDENTIALLY, there's no need to suffer those acute periodic pains and discomforts. Women who know just take a simple Midene tablet in water and avoid being a misery to themselves and to others.

Price, 2/- box. Sufficient for several months. **MIDENE**

Your Dog

If your dog's coat is dull or loose—if he is listless or won't eat—give him BARKO Condition Powders.

BARKO *Condition Powders* 1/6 ALL CHEMISTS

Scratching is often a sign of Eczema. Give BARKO Condition Powders and apply BARKO Skin Lotion to affected parts.

SUFFERERS FROM **SUPERFLUOUS HAIRS**

should give "Vanix" the opportunity to do for them what it has done for thousands of others.

"VANIX"

is a scientific discovery by Paul Van Schuyler, which firstly devitalises and then destroys the hair. It has no detrimental effect on the skin and is simple and pleasant to use.

"VANIX" is priced at 5/11 a bottle (Posted 6/4½) from Hallam's Pty. Ltd., 312 George St., Sydney, and all Branches; Myer Emporium, Bourke St., Melb.; Swift's Pharmacy, 370 Little Collins St., Melb.; C. A. Edwards, 236 Edward St., Brisbane; and Birks Chemists, Ltd., 37 and 279 Rundle St., Adelaide.

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE

Without Calomel—And You'll Jump out of Bed in the Morning Full of Vim.

The liver should give out two pounds of liquid bile daily or your food doesn't digest. You suffer from wind. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel irritable, tired and weary, and the world looks blue.

Laxatives are only makeshifts. You must get at the cause. It takes those good old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get those two pounds of bile working and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in keeping you fit.

Ask for CARTER'S Little Liver Pills by name. Stubbornly refuse anything else. 1/3.—***

Watch Over Me

Continued from page 7

IT was windy and the wind was cold but good. "How did you guess?" he said as they put their heads down and strode into the wind's teeth.

"That you were getting the jumps?" Helen's eyes shone with Spartan enjoyment of the night. "I told you I'd done some nursing."

Dave shut his jaw hard. Get it out—now. Cut this cord before it tightened and grew into a cable.

"Mental cases, too?" he asked her harshly.

"Oh, yes," she said, without a change of tone or a shadow in her eyes. "In fact I specialised in them."

"I see." His tone was harsher still and he felt anger sear him. "So I'm just another patient . . . So when you spoke to me on the train you were just keeping your hand in."

"Don't punish yourself like that," she said, almost indifferently. "Funny how high-strung some of you big men are."

She tilted her head back and laughed at him. "Let's walk fast. Fast!" There seemed no room in her at all for thought of what he'd said and all it could imply.

They walked fast. His blood raced, and Dave suddenly felt like laughing. When his foot slipped in the snow and he did a barrel loop, he just sat there while Helen stood grinning down at him, and both of them shouted with glee.

It was almost twelve when Dave got home.

As he came in, Mr. Ritchie laid aside a newspaper which Dave realised with a rush of buried tenderness, he'd probably finished hours ago. And Mrs. Ritchie put down her knitting that probably had more than one dropped stitch in it.

"No need to ask if you had a good walk," said his father, studying Dave's face. "I see you did. Join me in a nightcap?"

Dave stared at his father as he fixed a drink. Finally he cleared his throat. "That hospital stuff," he said, eyes suffering. "My attitude there . . . That's all done, you know. It's just that I'll have to watch myself."

"O.K.," said Mr. Ritchie. "Could you watch yourself at the office as well as anywhere else? I'm terribly short-handed."

"In a little while," said Dave. He caught his father's hand and crushed it for a second in his own. "Good night," he said simply.

Dave half expected a call from Helen next evening. At half-past nine he went out.

The apartment was in the name of a Margaret Briggs. But under the printed card was written Helen R. Hood.

If she was surprised at his unannounced call, she didn't show it. Her smile was warm, easy.

They sat, and sometimes they talked, lazily, at random, and sometimes they didn't talk at all. It was very comforting. Dave admitted guiltily to himself that he felt more at home here with this girl than he did in his own home.

He remarked sleepily, "You want a fireplace. Every living-room should have one, with a good blaze turning everything red and yellow."

Helen didn't say anything, but suddenly she was very still.

"When I build a house I'm going to have the biggest fireplace there is, with the flames roaring up and all the shadows dancing—as if the whole world were afire . . . What's the matter?"

He stared at Helen, abruptly noticing that she seemed as rigid as the chair she sat in. The color seemed to have left her face completely. Then she stirred, and laughed a little.

"The matter? Nothing. Why do you ask?"

"You looked—well, somewhat startled."

"I remembered something very important I must do to-morrow," she said calmly. "Something I'd almost forgotten."

Dave couldn't remember whether the pulse in her throat had been so noticeable before, and then just as he was making up his mind, the bell pinged once and a merry-looking, brown-eyed girl a bit younger than Helen came into the apartment. Simultaneously the mantel clock struck half-past twelve, and Dave was shocked at the amount of time that had flowed soothingly over him since he'd arrived.

He met Helen's apartment mate, Margaret Briggs, and turned down offers of coffee with the two. Presently he started back home, irritably kicking at clumps of snow along the way. It was the last time he was going to see Helen; she was altogether too perfect to be with. He might spill over—something he had no right to do.

He took Louise Barnett out next night. She was very bright, with soft curls, and large, dark eyes, and she was sufficiently pretty. They went to a hotel to dance, and Louise was a fine dancer, and showed with flattering frankness how glad she was to be with him.

HOWEVER, by eleven he had to concede that when he smiled across the table at Louise, he saw Helen in her chair. By midnight he admitted openly to himself that he was bored.

All in all, the evening was definitely not a success; perhaps with other girls, though, it would be better. But he didn't call any others.

At the end of the week Helen called him. He leaped to the phone as soon as his mother told him who it was.

She said, "A friend of Margaret's is in town and she wonders if the four of us couldn't go somewhere and dance. How about it?"

"I'd love to," Dave told her.

He shouldn't, and he knew it. He ought to fight this. He was not an eligible young man just now — perhaps he never would be. He still had the dreams; sometimes he woke just after the shells hit the tank and battered shut the ports, but more often he did not. Those were the times when Lewis died in his arms again, and for five days and nights he was sealed in the tank as in a tomb with what was left of his crew lying like shattered dolls round him.

Margaret Briggs' friend was a nice boy, younger than Dave.

He had an old open car, for which Dave was thankful. Better to be cloaked in winter cold than a sheet of steel.

He danced once or twice with Margaret because it seemed the thing to do, but she didn't fit into his arms the way Helen did. Quite definitely he was beginning to understand that no one else would ever fit into his arms as Helen did, and the knowledge rested heavily upon him.

"You're very quiet," Helen said. They were sitting at the table this time while the others danced. "Feeling sorry for yourself?"

He was mad for a minute, but then he laughed. "You know, I was, a little. But mostly I was laying down the law to myself." He shook his head. "You get right inside a man's skull, don't you? You must have had a lot of nursing experience."

"I have," she said. "Enough to . . ."

And then a very surprising thing happened.

Two tables over, a middle-aged man reached to light a match for his dead cigar.

Carelessly he drew the match up the side of the box that was open, exposing all the inflammable ends. Instantly all the matches caught in a startling ball of flame. The man clumsily dropped the burning box. After that there was more smoke than flame. There were a few cries of alarm but more of laughter. Then the waiters came with water jugs and it was all over. Nothing much. Dave turned back to Helen with a wisecrack on his lips.

She was sitting there as if she'd died but hadn't yet fallen over. Her eyes were huge, staring, ringed with white. Her throat was strained with sound which she fought to keep behind tight lips, but just as Dave turned she lost the fight. The cry, thin and strangled, squeezed its way out, and she would have hit the floor if Dave hadn't moved quite fast.

At the door of the manager's office Dave turned to Margaret and her lieutenant. "No, we won't go home yet. You go on back to the table. Helen and I will join you soon."

"She won't want to," objected Margaret. "She'll want to go home at once—get away from this place."

"I know," said Dave gently, "but she isn't going to. She is going to stay right here and go back into that dining-room for at least one more dance. Believe me, that will be best."

He got rid of the hotel manager and doctor who were still hovering about, then knelt to bring his face down near Helen's. Hers was still a face without much color.

"A big, strapping girl like me," she murmured.

He slid his arm beneath her shoulders and kissed her.

"A little fire, and look what happened," she murmured.

Dave grinned and, for the first time, it was real and not a forced cover for unhealed emptiness.

"So this nursing of yours was Army," he said, ". . . official."

She nodded.

"Where? Italy? Sicily?"

"North Africa," she said.

"Was that where the fire was?" Dave asked.

"Yes. Near Bizerte. Our unit was in a wooden building as flimsy as that matchbox. And the planes came and there were incendiaries, and of all of us, only two got out . . ."

"All right," said Dave. "All right." He kissed her.

"Dave." Her eyes were big again. "I don't want to go back into that—that trap, and dance. I want to go home. I want to get away from here. Please, Dave."

"No," said Dave.

"Please, please! There'll still be smoke . . . I don't want to go in there! I——" She clutched at his arm. It was a big arm, solid, very protective round her. After a moment her fingers loosened.

Her eyes beseeched him, but he shook his head slowly and you could see that he wasn't going to stop shaking it no matter what she said. Finally she reached up and touched his lips.

"You're a dreadful bully. That was something I hadn't counted on. But I'll get back at you. You'll see. I know some of it already. I could see on the ride home from the station that you don't like closed cars. What else bothers you?"

"Elevators are worse," said Dave. "Little, tight-shut elevators — solid metal traps with no doors and no way out."

Yesterday he would have had to wipe the palms of his hands dry after just this much. To-night his lips jerked only slightly and his hands were almost steady. He felt a deep peace in him where the heaviness had been.

She closed her eyes a moment, fingers tight round his.

"Dave."

"Yes, darling."

"You won't make me have a fireplace?"

"Baby," Dave said. "Sweet."

Helen fixed up her hair after a moment and touched a red fingertip to her lips. Most of the calm was back in her eyes. Dave knew now how hard-won that calm was. She smiled at him and stood up very straight. Then they went back to dance.

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This verandah was finished in "Dulux" Orange and Lettuce-green.

And "Dulux" stays beautiful, that's why it's such good *value!*

"Dulux" has made thousands of homes happier, more cheerful.

"Dulux" is chemically different, giving advantages not obtainable with other finishes. It lasts *longer*, wears *better*, dries *quickly*; is easy to apply, easy to keep fresh and lovely.

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Supersedes Enamels and Varnishes.

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Kidney Trouble and Backache Gone in 1 Week

Flush Kidneys With Cystex and You'll Feel Fine

Cystex—the prescription of a famous doctor—improves faulty kidney action in double quick time, so, if you suffer from Rheumatism, Sciatica, Neuritis, Lumbago, Backache, Nervousness, Leg Pains, Dizziness, Circles under Eyes, frequent Headaches and Cold, Poor Energy and Appetite, Puffy Ankles or Interrupted Sleep, go to your chemist to-day for Cystex.

Cystex Helps Nature 3 Ways

The Cystex treatment is highly scientific, being specially compounded to soothe, tone and clean kidneys and bladder and to remove acids and poisons from your system safely, quickly and surely, yet contains no harsh, harmful or dangerous drugs. Cystex works in these 3 ways to end your troubles:—

(1) Starts killing the germs which are attacking your Kidneys, Bladder, and urinary system in two hours, yet is absolutely harmless to human tissue.
(2) Gets rid of health-destroying, deadly poisonous acids with which your system has become saturated.
(3) Strengthens and reinvigorates the kidneys, protects you from the ravages of disease-attack on the delicate filter organism, and stimulates the entire system.

Feels a Different Woman

"I have been taking Cystex for Kidney and Bladder trouble, and it has made a different woman of me. I am feeling splendid, can do all my work, run about, and walk miles although I am 63 years of age. Cystex does all you claim for it."—(Sgd.) M. L. Tenzi, Thompson Estate, Brisbane.

Now Able to Walk Without Stick

"I had Kidney and Bladder complaint, pains in leg and back; in fact, I had to use a walking stick. I have used two bottles of Cystex, now I have no pains anywhere. I consider Cystex the greatest medicine in the world for Kidney complaint."—(Sgd.) J. McPherson, Nangerbone Station, N.S.W.

Guaranteed to Satisfy or Money Back

Get Cystex from your chemist to-day. Give it a thorough test. Cystex is guaranteed to make you feel younger, stronger, better in every way, or your money back if you return the empty package. Act now! Now in 2 sizes—4/-, 8/-.

This is a GUARANTEED Treatment for **Cystex**

Your Kidneys, Bladder, Rheumatism

New Way to Hold Loose FALSE TEETH Firmly in Place

Do false teeth annoy and bother by dropping and slipping when you eat, talk or laugh? Just sprinkle on a little FASTEETH. This new, tasteless powder keeps teeth firm and comfortable. No gummy, gooey, pasty taste. Makes breath pleasant. Get FASTEETH to-day at any chemist. Refuse substitutes.

Excuse me— INNER CLEANLINESS is most refreshing

Those inclined to "early morning blues" should take Andrews for a few mornings, then as regularly as the system needs its help. If you do this, the worrying little ills are less likely to appear, and you will notice a marked improvement in your health and spirits.

1/3/4

FIRST . . Andrews cleans and refreshes the mouth and tongue.
NEXT . . Andrews settles the stomach and corrects acidity, the chief cause of indigestion.
THEN . . Andrews tones up the liver and checks biliousness.
FINALLY . . To complete your Inner Cleanliness Andrews gently clears the bowels. It sweeps away trouble-making poisons, relieves constipation, and purifies the blood.

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HAS NOT BEEN RATIONED!

ALWAYS LOOK FOR THE NAME
MORLEY
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Are You Always Tired?

When your rest is disturbed, you re tired and worn out on arising the morning—totally unfit for the ay's work. You may not know it, ut your kidneys are nearly always o blame.

The longer you have suffered from ny symptom of kidney and bladder rouble, the more you owe it to your ealth to heed the warnings, and ake immediate steps to correct the ause of sleepless nights and days f misery, discomfort, and incon-enience. When the kidneys do not unction properly, waste matter and oisonous acids stay in the blood, ausing backache, rheumatism, ciatica, lumbago, leg pains, swollen et and ankles, dizziness, puffiness nder the eyes, and excess uric acid. Don't delay. Neglect is dangerous. Take OAN'S BACKACHE KIDNEY PILLS. hey strengthen and regulate the kidneys nd bladder; relieve pain, and aid in rid-ng the system of harmful wastes and ed poisons. Get DOAN'S BACKACHE IDNEY PILLS today.

ENSIGN TIES THE BEST

REGARDED AS COMMON in the West, but not in eastern States—pale pink Geraldton wax. New variety soon available produces almost shilling-size red blooms.

Why Geraldton wax shrubs die

—By OUR HOME GARDENER

OVER and over again I'm asked why the Geraldton wax dies so suddenly under cultivation.

As you know, this shrub is a native of the West, where it grows like a weed. When in Perth recently I asked an expert whether he could give the reason why this shrub suddenly decides to pass out under the hands of garden enthusiasts.

The Geraldton wax, a native of sandy heaths, received rain-water only during late autumn, winter, and early spring months.

During its flowering period (late August to early November), it showed marked dislike to being drenched with water every day, and if so mistreated would probably die.

Mentioning that gardeners in eastern States frequently complained that the shrub died when in full flush of blossom, and for no apparent reason, he said that many Western Australian native shrubs disliked coddling. Rich soil was just poison to the Geraldton wax shrub and it would also show quick resentment if regularly watered or over-watered.

The shrubs needed sensible watering until they became established, he said, and then should be left to forage for themselves, which they do so far as moisture supplies are concerned by throwing out very long, penetrating roots which go to a great depth in sand.

Gardeners in the West rarely cut the shrubs back, but it has been found in N.S.W. that hard pruning is not damaging in any way and results in a much better shape and very dense crop of bloom the following year. Pruning consists of cutting back to the main stems immediately after flowering is over—say, late October to November.

In addition to the common pale pink Geraldton wax plant I saw an almost pure white and a new, very large-flowered red variety while in Perth. The blooms of this red variety are almost the size of a shilling, with a fine purple centre.

These new varieties may be obtainable through nurserymen in the eastern States during the next few months.

SAVE ALL your half-burned candles, melt them down and pour into empty carton, round or square. For rainbow effect color several portions in different colors and add to carton.

RAINBOW-HUED CANDLES

● Ever seen those square candles? Impossible to buy nowadays, but so intriguing for table decoration. Novel on a flat bowl surrounded by short - stemmed flowers. Lucille Ball, MGM, makes them and they're the envy of her dinner guests. See pictures. You may copy her.

BEFORE the melted wax cools and solidifies, a piece of waxed string should be let down into the candle-to-be for a wick. Wick may be inserted as you add wax.

THOROUGHLY COOLED — a square candle in rainbow colors, which is pretty as a picture for buffet or dinner tables.

Whichever way you look

..the spotlight's on your HAIR!

Constant daily care with Barry's Tri-coph-erous helps prevent Falling Hair, Dandruff, Premature Greyness, Brittle Hair, Itching Scalp.

BARRY'S
Tri-coph-erous
FAMOUS HAIR TONIC
Sold by all Chemists & Stores

He has come safely and happily through teething by the aid of Steedman's Powders, the safe gentle aperient which for over 100 years mothers have given to children up to the age of 14 years.

Give STEEDMAN'S POWDERS

John Steedman & Co., Walworth Rd., London, Eng.

HEALTH AND FREEDOM FROM CRUEL ACHES AND PAINS!

NOW A LIVING ADVERTISEMENT FOR R.U.R.

The body in health is a marvellous piece of mechanism, but torn by aches and pains, it makes life miserable in the extreme. The case of Mrs. Mollie Niemann, via Maldon, Victoria, is one in point. She found in R.U.R. the answer to a life of pain and torture and now she writes:—

"I am only too happy to help you to continue to carry on the good work you are doing. To bring back health and freedom from cruel aches and pains is truly a divine gift, and I lie cosy in bed at night now and thank God that I was advised to take your R.U.R.

"I am one of your living advertisements. I am feeling years younger."

R.U.R. owes its success to the commonsense nature of its eliminative and toxic-removing properties. It has achieved many recoveries equally marvellous as that of Mrs. Niemann. It is the only remedy which at the same time contains a laxative, liver stimulant, kidney cleanser, and acid corrective. R.U.R. is therefore truly a fourfold remedy, praised by thousands. R.U.R. is bound to do you good.

Take R.U.R. regularly for a while. Smaller size, 4/-; the money-back guaranteed full treatment, 7/6. Obtainable at chemists and stores everywhere.

TAKE R.U.R. AND RIGHT YOU ARE

Special RECIPES FOR YOUNG CHILDREN

FREE..!!

Copies free upon request. Enclose stamped (1½d.) addressed envelope and send to LIFEGUARD MILK COMPANY, 330 Flinders Lane, Melbourne.

FOODS replete with all the vitamins necessary to build strong, healthy children—foods children *like*. It is not hard to prepare them if you have a copy of the 16-page book issued by the LIFEGUARD MILK COMPANY . . . it contains recipes, menus, diet charts and a wealth of information upon the feeding habits of young children

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SWEETENED CONDENSED
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Cannot Stretch
Easy to wash
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Easier to dry
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All stores feature Grafton Anti-Shrink by the yard, also frocks created by

All styles and patterns might not be available at the same time, as deliveries from England have not yet improved.

Children's Frocks by MAFAINE

Grafton
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Rendezvous With Death

Continued from page 9

THE police were everywhere. Everything Miss Breen possessed was in their possession now. Only the table-light was on, and the two policemen were standing motionless, gazing out at the searchlights sweeping up and down the sky, crossing and criss-crossing in blue-white shafts of light. Perhaps, Nora thought, if she was very quiet, while their attention was so captured . . .

She crept forward to the door of the sitting-room. She tiptoed over the parquet on to the rug.

The desk was not far from the door of the sitting-room, and the cheque book, she knew, was in the right-hand top drawer. If only she could get to it unseen and open the drawer that ran like silk!

One of the constables suddenly moved, seemed about to turn round.

Instinctively she dropped down behind a big armchair and crouched there trembling, cold shivers of nervousness running up and down her spine. She waited a minute and then looked out cautiously. No, they were still standing in the same position, their backs to her.

Getting up again, she moved silently to the desk. The drawer yielded to her touch as smoothly as she had known it would. There lay the blue cheque book, and her hand stole forward to pick it up.

"Well, Miss Russell?"

Nora jumped violently. Her outstretched hand jerked the drawer shut with a clatter. Stammering, she turned and faced Grogan.

"Looking for something?" he asked.

"Oh . . . I—I was just looking for—I think I left my notebook here." She couldn't tell by the way he looked at her whether he knew she was lying.

He said, turning over some of the things on the desk: "Your notebook, eh? What's it like?"

"A little green suede book."

"O.K. I'll let you have it if I run across it."

Nora hesitated. "What about Miss Breen's manuscript"

"Eh?"

"The manuscript of the book she was just finishing."

"What about it"

"I'd like to take charge of it, and the notes and papers connected with it until you get into touch with her executors."

"That'll be all right. You can come and get them when I've finished here."

He seated himself at the desk, and Nora went back to the flat opposite.

"Well, now, what was she after?" Grogan was saying to himself. "Something here. Let's see . . .".

A few minutes later a constable knocked at the door of the Curtis flat. The Inspector wanted to see all the tenants of this floor if they'd come across, please.

Every light was on in Miss Breen's sitting-room when they went in. No secret table-lamps now, but middle lights and wall brackets shining out mercilessly in co-operation with the police questioning.

Marjorie sat down close to the door. Under the folds of her brightly flowered house-gown she caught Owen's hand as he sat on the arm of her chair. Essie, true to form, grouped herself in front of the olive-green curtain.

Nora's eyes still looked as though she were staring at a corpse. She glanced round at the set, shut-in faces. Fantastic! Impossible!

Only a few hours ago they'd all been laughing and drinking over at the Curtis' flat. And even later still, she and Miss Breen had been together here in this very room—she typing at the desk and, on the sofa where Essie was now sitting, Miss Breen correcting typescript. Nora's hands were trembling.

Leith stooped over her and whispered: "Key down, honey, they can't hurt you. We've got nothing to be afraid of."

Grogan glanced at them. He said dryly: "Didn't find that notebook of yours, Miss Russell."

Her attempt at a smile was feeble. He knew, of course he knew she hadn't been looking for that!

Owen said in his cool, incisive voice: "Hope all this business won't take half the night, Inspector. I've got rather a big day ahead of me tomorrow."

"We'll make it as snappy as we can, Commander. We don't want to delay you."

Owen thrust his hands into the pockets of his blue brocade dressing-gown. There was a supercilious lift to his handsome eyebrows, suggesting that it would take more than the civil police to delay the Navy!

Marjorie gave a shiver. He put a hand on her shoulder.

"Cold, darling? I'll get you a coat." He went out to get it.

THEN Detective-Inspector Grogan turned to Essie. "You're on at the Apollo Theatre, aren't you, Miss Ashworth, in 'Summer Lightning.'?"

"Yes, I am."

"What time did you get home tonight?"

"Why, I came home straight after the show. I was home at about twenty past eleven."

"Forty minutes before the murder. You came straight up to your flat, did you, in the lift?"

"Of course."

"Did you see anyone round? Anyone in the lift with you?"

"No, it was empty, and there was no one on this floor when I got out."

"What did you do then?"

"I had some sandwiches and a glass of milk, and went to bed and straight to sleep."

"Who knocked you up and told you of the murder?"

"I heard people running about, and the Curtis' door banging." She gave a shudder. "It really is too awful! Of course I hardly knew the poor woman, but it gives one a shock just the same. To think we were all so near and none of us heard her call!"

"How do you know she did call?"

"What? . . . What I mean is, I've always said the roof garden should be locked at night. Anyone could hide there. Apart from the fact," she added spitefully, "that people used to go up and tramp overhead when one was trying to sleep."

"Miss Breen did that, didn't she?"

"Oh, lots of people did."

"But you complained to the caretaker about her?"

Essie's eyes flickered at this, but she only said vaguely: "Poor thing; it's too dreadful. Thank heaven my husband'll be home in the morning."

"Did you hear Miss Breen walking to-night? Up on the roof after you got home?"

Her pencilled brows drew together thoughtfully. "No, I don't think I did to-night. I must have been sleeping soundly. I really didn't hear or see anything. Is that all? If so I'd like to go back to bed."

"All right. That's all for just now."

Essie went out, passing Owen in the doorway.

Grogan waited till Owen had put the wrap round Marjorie's shoulders, then he said: "You, Mrs. Curtis—you knew Miss Breen pretty well, didn't you?"

Marjorie looked up at him with her clear candid gaze. She said steadily: "No, not very well. She'd only been here a few weeks, you know."

Grogan examined his glossy, well-shaped finger-nails. Same old line—nobody ever knew the corpse! Not if they could help it, they didn't.

"Well, anyhow, she was at your cocktail party this evening, wasn't she?"

"Yes. But it wasn't a party. My husband brought home one or two friends, and a few other people dropped in—Miss Russell and Mr. Henderson, and Mr. Yates here, and so on."

"I see. And did you leave your flat at all during the evening?"

"No. My husband went back to his office after dinner, and I just helped Miss Krausz clear things up, and went to bed early."

"What time did Miss Breen leave?"

"Shortly after seven—about a quarter past, I should think. She said she was going to work."

"Did you see her again?"

"No; I had no occasion to."

"Did you hear anything round about twelve? Anything unusual?"

"No, nothing. I didn't hear anything till my husband got home shortly before one o'clock."

"Now, did the deceased ever hint at any trouble—anyone who disliked her? You know the sort of thing I mean."

She answered: "Not to me. But, then, as I say, I didn't know her at all well. She seemed wrapped up in her work—frightfully normal. Didn't she, darling?" She glanced up at Owen.

He shrugged: "Couldn't say. Can't say I noticed her much."

"Who's this Miss Krausz you mentioned?"

"A woman who does work for us all."

"Did she work for Miss Breen?"

"Yes, sometimes."

"Where's this Miss Krausz live?"

Pike answered this, no one else knew. "She's got a room behind my flat on the ground floor."

"Go down and bring her up."

Pike slid out, radiating distress.

The tension in the room was mounting perceptibly. Leith tried to ease it down. He took out cigarettes.

"Nora? Marjorie? Well, I will. What about you, Inspector?"

"Not just at the moment I won't, thanks," Grogan said pleasantly.

Manning smiled quietly, familiar with that answer which always suggested that at any moment Grogan would cease to be a detective and join the party, just like one of themselves. It put people wonderfully off their guard. He said now to Leith: "What about you, Mr. Henderson? Were you in last evening?"

"In the early part of the evening? No, I wasn't. Yates and I went out to dinner."

"What time did you get home?"

"Ten o'clock. It was just ten, I remember, because my watch had stopped, and I asked Yates the time as we were coming down the street."

"And what did you do then?"

"Read for a bit and went to bed. I must have been asleep by eleven."

"And you, Mr. Yates. Did you go out again after that?"

"No, I didn't go out again. I just messed round for a while and went to bed early, too."

Nora sat tensely still, glancing from one to the other.

"Your flat's the same as this one, isn't it?" Grogan was asking Bob. "What bedroom do you sleep in?"

"In the smaller room overlooking the green."

"And Mr. Henderson in the big room near the front door, eh?" The inference was clear—neither of them had an alibi worth a penny. "Did you know the deceased?"

"Not very well—I mean, she asked Henderson and me in for dinner a few times. She was very decent to us really, but we didn't know her at all well."

"I see." There was rather a long pause."

Now it was coming, Nora saw it coming. Her slender hands gripped the arms of her chair.

To be continued

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